

MARY DUDLEY
AND DAUGHTERS

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FRIENDS'
HISTORICAL SOCIETY
OF
SWARTHMORE COLLEGE



Anna G. Hartman

Her husband's dear love.

4th mo: 1850



AN
ABRIDGED MEMOIR
OF
MARY DUDLEY;

COMPILED FROM A WORK PUBLISHED BY HER
DAUGHTER ELIZABETH IN 1825.

TOGETHER WITH
SOME ACCOUNT OF HER DAUGHTERS,
HANNAH AND CHARLOTTE DUDLEY.

She "being dead, yet speaketh."

PHILADELPHIA:
TRACT ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS,
304 ARCH STREET.
1866.

MEMOIR
OF
MARY DUDLEY.

CHAPTER I.

FROM HER BIRTH TO THE TIME OF HER JOINING THE
SOCIETY OF FRIENDS, IN 1773.

MARY DUDLEY was the daughter of Joseph and Mary Stokes, and was born in the city of Bristol, England, the 8th of the 6th month, 1750. While quite young, she manifested a fondness for reading the Holy Scriptures, and a degree of serious thoughtfulness, unusual in one of her age; and she often mentioned in after life, that at this time her partiality for the prophecies of Isaiah was such, as to make her governess repeatedly inquire whether she had not yet got through that book? Although of

a delicate constitution, she was early sent to school, and being of quick parts, and possessing facility at acquiring knowledge, she made rapid progress in learning. As she advanced to youth, the vanity which is inherent in the human mind was much fed by the admiration of her relations and acquaintances; yet, even at this early period, she was at times sensible of the humbling visitations of Divine Love; and in expressing her solicitude for young people, she has often been heard to say, how highly she should have valued the privilege of christian counsel and sympathy, under those convictions which were at times counteracted, on one hand by incitements to worldly pleasure, and on the other by ridicule for wishing to appear better than her cotemporaries; nor were these efforts untried on the part of those whose duty it was to act very differently. The following are her own observations:

“I am drawn to commemorate the gracious dealings of a merciful Father and Creator in early visiting my mind,

which, though ignorant of the nature of deep religious feelings, was certainly often impressed with them in the morning of my day; though, from a remarkably lively disposition, I did not yield to that awful fear (at seasons felt), which, preserving from the snares of death, would have led into a conformity to the divine will. Being educated in great strictness by my parents, respecting the observance and ceremonies of the worship they professed, (that of the Establishment,) I was a constant attendant upon them from childhood, though, with this, allowed to enter into most of the vain amusements of the world, to which my natural disposition greatly inclined. While in the midst of dissipation I often felt a dissatisfaction, and my mind was visited with something so awful that I appeared to others very grave, and have frequently been laughed at for it. I was fond of reading, and found much pleasure in yielding to it; which, with a turn for poetry, and the intimate acquaintance of several seriously inclined persons, occupied much

of my time from seventeen to eighteen years of my age. These circumstances, together with the death of my beloved grandmother, gave a shock to that vanity, in the gratification of which she had much contributed to support me; and a disappointment in an affectionate attachment terminated the attraction to visible objects, so that my mind was like a blank, waiting to be filled up, and prepared for the more extensive reception of the precious visitation, which early in the twentieth year of my life, was sweetly vouchsafed; so that all that was within me bowed in deep prostration, and yielded to the superior power of divine love. My mind being in the prepared state above described, it would be unsafe to date this change from the particular period of my attending the Methodist meetings; though in doing so, I certainly felt more of divine impressions than at any previous season, and particularly when under the ministry of one of their preachers, who seemed like an angel commissioned with a message to my mind. I

continued to hear him, with many others; attended all the means (as they are called), and was often sweetly affected and comforted; yet even at such times there was something within me craving the purity of an inward, spiritual life—and seeing that without holiness no man could see the Lord, as I did believe was attainable, how did my whole soul breathe for this knowledge to be revealed, and in the depth of silence, struggle that I might rightly seek and experience it. I went into various places of worship among the Dissenters, and was at one time greatly pleased with the Baptists; but still found a want, a vacuum unfilled with that good I was thirsting after. Not from conviction, but partly from persuasion, and something in me yielding to the way I thought might *easily settle me*, I joined the Methodist Society, and also continued constantly to attend the established worship, that of my education; but in the several ceremonies of this, and the different meetings of the other, such as classes, bands, &c., I felt unsatisfied, and

often, while others were engaged in attention to the preaching and singing, has my *spirit* in solemn *silence* communed with the 'Lord *my strength*,' so that I scarcely knew what was passing around me, and even felt disturbed from the inward attraction, when obliged to draw to that spot where the outward elements were prepared for the congregation.

"Oh! how did I then feel the heavenly mystery, and sweetly partake of the bread of life, so that *all* forms and shadows fled away, and became no longer of use or efficacy to a mind feeding spiritually on the substance. During these feelings and consequent shakings from all visible things, I often went to Friends' meetings, and there, especially in silence, did my spirit feed, as it also did in deep, awful retiredness, when no eye saw me. But when, by this powerful attraction, hours have passed away, so that my body seemed to do with a very small portion of rest or sleep, I felt like a child clinging to its parent's breast; and in this state covenant was made, which

to this hour I humbly trust has not been forgotten."

Her totally withdrawing herself from those scenes of amusement in which she had dissipated much precious time, brought upon her the ridicule of her young companions, and even the censure of many who were much older though less thoughtful than she was; and the expectation of her again returning to worldly pleasures was frequently evinced, while both flattery and entreaty were made use of to counteract that seriousness of demeanor which was deemed so unnecessary at the age of nineteen. The change which she felt it her duty to make, by leaving off ornaments, and wearing such attire as was consistent with her views of Christian simplicity, being very mortifying to some of her nearest connections, she suffered considerably on this account. The peace, however, with which her mind was favored, more than counterbalanced these trials; and strength being mercifully proportioned to the occasion, she was enabled to persevere

in the path of obedience, and has frequently been heard to say, that her company soon became as undesirable to her former gay associates as theirs was to her—while her society and example proved the means of solid advantage to *some* of her cotemporaries, who continued or sought her acquaintance. At this period she frequently recorded her feelings in metrical compositions; and the following piece is selected, as instructively describing her state of mind.

A HYMN.

WRITTEN IN THE TWENTY-FIRST YEAR OF HER AGE.

How shall I tune a trembling lay?
How touch the softened string?
Fain would I heav'nly love display,
The God of mercy sing.

I would, but oh! how faint each power,
How far too high the theme!
Come, blessed spirit, aid restore,
And raise the languid flame!

What wondrous grace! what boundless love!
What soft compassion this,
That calls my rebel heart to prove
A never-fading bliss!

Long have I sought the pleasing sounds,
But sought, alas ! in vain—
Explored in Pleasure's mazy ground,
In Nature's desert plain.

What grace, that I am not consumed,
Not hurl'd to endless night !
Mercy has all her power assumed,
And yields a shining light.

'Tis Mercy bids me seek the Lord,
'Tis Mercy bids me fly ;
'Tis Mercy speaks the balmy word—
“ Repent ! thy God is nigh.”

'Tis Mercy fills my trembling heart
With agonizing pain,
With keen distress and poignant smart .
Nor heave these sighs in vain.

The tears that now in torrents flow,
This Mercy will repress ;
Remove the load, a pardon show,
And speak a healing peace.

Then let me humbly wait the hour,
The hour of sweet release ;
Incessant, saving grace implore,
Incessant, pant for peace.

At thy blest feet, my Lord and King,
Resigné'd, let me lie,
Till the glad peals of triumph ring,
And Faith behold Thee nigh.

Then shall the stammerer's tongue proclaim
The goodness of the Lord ;
In grateful strains rehearse His fame,
In hymns His love record.

I'll warble to each list'ning ear
The feeble song of praise ;
My sweet employ, while trav'ling here,
To lisp Redeeming grace !

She was much esteemed by John Wesley and other distinguished characters in the Methodist connection, and was frequently urged to become what is called a class-leader ; but she freely confessed to him and other members of the Society, that her views were not perfectly accordant with their tenets ; and she uniformly refrained from taking any active part among them. Her exercises of mind, under the gradual discoveries of the Divine Will concerning her, being in a degree unfolded in some letters to a dear and intimate friend, it is thought the following extracts will be acceptable to the reader.

“ *May 10th, 1771.*—I have nothing, my dear friend, to tell you, but of mercies,—

nothing but unbounded love should be my theme. The Lord is indeed gracious, and has lately given me to feel it. Oh! what sweet calls, what gentle admonitions has He indulged me with! The feeble structure of clay is impaired, but, glory to my God, my soul feels the invigorating influence of his grace; in some moments of retirement lately, it has been ready to burst its barrier, and I have earnestly longed to be with my Beloved, nor can I think it will be long first. Glorious prospect! Oh! my friend, if our next meeting should be around the throne! While I write my heart feels unutterable desires. Pray for me, that the work of grace may be completed in my soul. I believe it will—I feel I want every thing, and am fully confident Jesus will supply all that is lacking. In the eyes of some, this might appear as the wild excursion of enthusiasm; to my friend it will wear a different aspect, and (I trust), engage her in my behalf at the throne of grace. *This*, however, we are certain of, there is no danger from any-

thing that leads to God, and an impression, whether real or imaginary, of our nearness to death, cannot but give a solemnity to the mind."

"*November 5th, 1771.*—Do not you, do not I, feel the need of just such an all-sufficient Redeemer as the compassionate Jesus? Blessed be His name, we cannot, we would not do without Him, as our Prophet, Priest and King. Here our poverty is indeed our greatest riches; we are content, yea, we rejoice, that our whole dependence is *on*, and our entire support derived *from* Him in whom all fulness dwells; *as having nothing and yet possessing all things*. Christ is indeed eyes to the blind, ears to the deaf, feet to the lame, yea, all the sinner wants! For my own part, I feel I am all weakness and helplessness, having every thing to learn, but find the Lord Jesus to be that rock whereunto I may always resort. I long to be more closely united to Him who hath so graciously condescended, and mercifully delivered me. Oh! that my one desire, aim, and intention, may be to live to His glory."

“To be in the will of Him who does all things well, is blessed: may we bow continually to His easy sway! Oh! what happiness should we find resulting from the desire that He might *choose* for us. Surely infinite love joins with infinite wisdom, and *wills* our peace. May our language then be ever this—

‘Melt down our will, and let it flow,
And take the mould divine!’

“Consider the Apostle and High Priest of our profession, Jesus Christ, who for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross. Oh! my friend, let us press toward the mark, this glorious mark of *conformity to our Divine Lord and Master*. Does nature, that principle which cries, *Spare me*, oppose and strongly resist the operation of that power which lays the axe to the root of the tree, and forbids self-indulgence? yet, let us in the strength communicated, obey that command, ‘*follow me*;’ and will not every act of self-denial we are enabled to perform weaken the power of our enemies, and encourage us to persevere in the

glorious combat? Verily it will, and also meet a present recompense of reward from condescending grace. Come then, my beloved friend, gird up the loins of your mind, be sober, and watch unto prayer; the Bridegroom cometh, go ye forth to meet Him; *meet Him*, by adverting to Him in your own heart, where He waits to speak in righteousness, mighty to save. Oh! for that attentive listening to His secret voice, which one felt who said, ‘Be still, oh my soul! speak, oh my Love!’ I had almost said, Hail celestial silence, sacred source of heavenly safety, sweetest spring of solid peace! I know not of any path besides that is truly safe,—it is an impregnable fortress. ‘I will watch to see what He will say unto me,’ was the determination of an ancient servant of the Most High: may my friend go and do likewise, and may the God of all grace enable His weakest worm to follow every solemn injunction, and obey the dictates of His spirit! Pray that I may ever keep on the watch, lest I should be surprised in an hour I expect not.”

“I have frequently wished for an opportunity of addressing you through this channel, but in vain, till the present moment, and with more than usual pleasure I embrace it, but what can I say? Not rich and increased with goods, but poor and needy, where is my spring of help? Even *in* Him who is the Alpha and Omega; if in matchless condescension He deigns to communicate, as *His* is the power, to Him also may the glory be ever ascribed! I suppose my friend expects an *interpretation* of what has been lately hinted, with regard to the approbation I feel of the Quaker’s mode of worship: on this point I have little to say, yet with the most unreserved freedom will I speak to that friend, whom I *wish* to know the inmost recesses of my heart. I need not tell you how exceedingly different my natural disposition is from the love of solitude, whether internal or external. Prone to activity, and fond of dissipation, I pursued the attraction, till a *more* powerful and *all-conquering* one allured me. Since I have known

anything of the peace which is from above, retirement has been pleasant, though a principle of *acting* was yet alive; this was encouraged by my connexion with the Methodists, who I need not tell you are in the active class. Having premised how opposed to my *own*, I think I may conclude, that the *Spirit* of God has now produced a cessation of self-working within me, and by emptying as *from vessel to vessel*, is showing me I have every thing to learn, and that by lying in His forming hand, the temple will be raised to His own glory; this leads me into the inward path of abstraction from those things I once thought essential, and to the confirmation of these feelings the ministry of the Friends has much contributed; the *still small voice* has whispered unutterable things to His unworthy dust in their assemblies, and given tokens of His approbation to my meeting with them. Adored be his condescending love!

“Hitherto then hath the Lord brought me, and who hath been His counsellor?

Verily his own unerring wisdom: the future (with the past) is His; ignorance itself am I. I have no light but as he diffuseth it, and He has graciously promised that His followers shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life; they shall be taught of God. Is this Divine Teacher *my* friend? May I be all attention to Him who has given me the *desire* to be instructed by Him. To this guiding, my much loved friend, I leave my cause; I feel it my privilege to *wait* upon God. I know not that it is my *duty* to be joined with this part of the flock, though my mind strongly unites with them; my path must be more illumined before I presume to take a step so important. I want not a *name*, need I tell you so? it is the *nature* of that Christianity which is *life* and *spirit*, that can alone administer real peace to mine and to *every* soul. Permit me, then, my friend, to *meet with* and *love* those who are the subject of your fears—your friendly, tender fears, and think not that I shall ever realize these, unless plainly directed thereto. My ever-

dear friend will, I doubt not, bear me on her heart before the throne of grace, where I trust our united language will ever be—
‘Father, thy will be done.’”

Many others of her religious acquaintance also testified their uneasiness at her evident attraction to the society of Friends; and John Wesley wrote to her in very strong terms of disapprobation. The following letter to him closed her correspondence with this highly-esteemed friend, who afterwards continued to treat her with affectionate regard, and to speak of her in terms of respect.

LETTER TO JOHN WESLEY.

“JULY 29th, 1772.

“*My Very Dear and Worthy Friend:*

“For once I can say, that the receipt of a letter from you has given me inexpressible pain; I am therefore constrained to address you in this manner, before we personally meet, as I fear my spirits would not enable me so freely to speak as to write the undisguised feelings of my heart. I believe

the apprehension of my valuable friend and father arises from a tender affection for an unworthy worm; of the sincerity of which he has only added a fresh and convincing proof. Whether I may give weight to, or dissipate your fears, the most unreserved declaration of my sentiments will determine. Your reviving in my remembrance the many favors I have received from the liberal hand of mercy, since my connection with our dear friends, is kindly proper; I think I have some sensibility of the love of God towards me in this respect, and esteem that memorable hour when I heard the gospel trumpet among them, the happiest of my life. Yes, my dearest sir, my heart burns while I recollect the attraction of heavenly grace! The many, the innumerable mercies since then received, I desire with thankfulness to acknowledge; and which unless the spirit is separated from the gracious Author, cannot be forgotten. 'Beware of striking into new paths,' says my revered friend. Much, very much, should I fear exploring any of my-

self, or taking one step in so important a point, without the direction of Him who is emphatically called 'Wonderful! Counsellor!' To his praise be it spoken, He has given me the desire to be guided by Him; and I humbly hope, in obedience to this Holy Teacher, I have at some seasons lately attended the Quakers' meeting, but not at the time of our own worship, except on Sunday evenings, when, with truth I say, the excessive warmth of our room was too much for me to bear. I am obliged to testify the Lord has clothed His word delivered there with divine power, for which the heart of my dear father will rejoice, since

'Names, and sects, and parties fall,
And thou, oh Christ, art *all in all!*'

"With regard to *silent* meetings, I apprehend their authority may be known by the power they are attended with. I have not been at such; yet in my own experience, find the *unutterable* prayer to be the most profitable, and am led much into what is

so beautifully expressed in one of our hymns,

‘The speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love.’

“I long to be more internally devoted to that God, who alone is worshiped in spirit and in truth; and find, in order to keep up a spiritual intercourse, there must be a deep, inward, silent attention, to the secret intimations of divine love, for which my inmost soul aspires to Him, who has promised to fulfil the desire of them that seek Him; and is this, dear sir, ‘stepping out of the way?’ surely it cannot, while I find a peace that passeth all understanding. Can this lead me to think slightly of my old teachers? Oh! could my heart be opened to my friend, he would see far other characters imprest. Will this teach me to neglect my meetings? I esteem them great privileges where not custom, but a sincere desire for God’s glory is our principle of action. What further can I say to my honored

friend, after disclosing so much of that heart which holds him in most affectionate and respectful love. I can only add my request, that he would join me in that emphatic prayer to the God of all prayer, 'Thy will be done;' to which an attention and obedience will, I trust, divinely influence his very unworthy, but gratefully affectionate,

M. STOKES."

After this she gradually withdrew from the Methodist Society, and became increasingly sensible that it was her religious duty to profess with Friends, which she was strengthened openly to acknowledge in language and demeanor about the middle of the year 1773. This important event and the deep exercises by which it was preceded are thus stated in her narrative:

"The active zeal of the people I loved and had joined, now appeared to me irreconcilable with that self-abasement and utter inability to move without holy help, which I experienced. I had nothing but

poverty and weakness to tell of; and when, from the force of example, I did speak,* my little strength was rather diminished than increased. Indeed, I found little but in quietude and inward attention, and when centered here, I had all things because I possessed the good itself. Thus was my mind drawn from all creatures, without the help of any, to the Creator and Source of light and life, who, to finish His own work, saw meet to deprive me of my health; this happened in the year 1773, about the time of my dear father's death, on whom I closely attended through a lingering illness, wherein he said to me, 'Oh, Polly! I had rather see you as you are than on a throne.' I believe he died in peace. My complaints threatened my life, being consumption, but I felt no way anxious respecting the termination. I was weaned from all creatures, but felt, beyond all doubt, that if life was prolonged, were

* This alludes to the practice of disclosing individual experience in the Class Meetings of the Methodist Society.

there no Quaker on earth, I must be one in principle and practice; but being determined if the work was of God, He himself should effect it, I read not any book of their writing.

“Being utterly unable to go from home, I attended no place of worship, and conversed with very few, except my beloved and most intimate friend, Rebecca Scudamore,* and even to her were my lips sealed respecting the path pointed out to me; but after hesitating and shrinking many weeks from using the plain language, wherein the cross was too great to be resignedly borne, she told me her fixed belief was that I ought to use it, and that my disobedience caused her great suffering, or to that effect. I then told her, I was convinced of its being required, but, that if giving my natural life would be accepted, I was ready to yield the sacrifice.

“My health grew worse, and every act

* This friend was a member of the Church of England, and highly esteemed, as a woman of distinguished piety and deep spiritual experience.

of transgression increased my bodily weakness; until feeling all was at stake, in the very anguish of my spirit, I yielded; and addressing my beloved and hitherto affectionate mother, in the language of conviction, my sufferings grew extreme through her opposition; but never may my soul forget the precious influence then extended; the very climate I breathed in was *sweet*, all was tranquil and serene, and the evidence of Heavenly approbation beyond expression clear; so that this temporary suffering from mistaken zeal, seemed light, comparatively; and indeed all was more than compensated by future kindness, when light shone about that dear parent's dwelling. My health mended, I soon got to meetings, and though ignorant of the way Friends had been led, or some peculiar testimonies they held, the day of vision clearly unfolded them one after another, so that obedience in one matter loosened the seal to another opening; until I found, as face answered face in a glass, so did the experience of enlightened minds answer one to

the other. I here remember the strong impression I received of the want of rectitude and spirituality respecting the payment of tithes or priest's demands; feeling great pain in only handing, at my mother's request, a piece of money, which was her property, to some collectors for this purpose; so swift and delicate is the pure witness against even touching that which defileth."

Her relations left no means untried to dissuade her from a profession which involved so much self-denial, and seemed, in their view, to frustrate every prospect of worldly advantage; and her mother, considering her change as the effect of temptation, was in hopes the interference of the minister of the parish would prove helpful, and accordingly promoted their having an interview; but this did not produce any alteration, neither was it very satisfactory to either party. The clergyman very strongly censured her for having taken so important a step without first consulting him, to which she replied, that not feeling at liber-

ty to confer with flesh and blood, even by consulting her own inclinations, she dared not seek any human counsel, and was endeavoring to act in simple obedience to the discoveries of Divine Light in her own soul. Upon leaving her, he presented a book which he enjoined her to read; but upon looking at the title, "A Preservative from Quakerism," she pleasantly observed, "It is too late, thou shouldst have brought me a restorative."

In the midst of this opposition, she was much encouraged by the sympathy and Christian advice of Elizabeth Johnson, a conspicuous and valuable member of the Methodist Society. This friend had frequently visited her during her illness, and once when she was thought near her end, after spending a considerable time in silence by the bedside, solemnly addressed her in the following language: "I do not believe that your Heavenly Father is about to take you out of the world, but I believe you are called to make a different profession; you are not led as the Methodists are,

but are designed to become a Quaker." This, though very striking and of encouraging tendency, did not produce any acknowledgment of what was then passing in the conflicted mind of the invalid, who, however, continued to derive comfort from the visits of this valuable acquaintance; and has often mentioned the sweet and strengthening influence of which she was at times sensible, when no words passed between them; as well as the tender and maternal interest which she afterwards manifested, when the view she had expressed was realized by her young friend publicly avowing religious sentiments different from her own.

CHAPTER II.

CALL TO THE MINISTRY—CONFLICTS RESPECTING IT—MARRIAGE AND REMOVAL TO IRELAND.

THE state of her mind at this important period, will be best set forth by a further extract from the memoir already alluded to:

“I now kept constantly to the meetings of Friends, and began to feel a settlement of mind in real peace, which my tossed state for several years had caused me only transiently to possess; or, at least, not in the degree of which I now partook; not that all the work seemed requisite to commence anew, for assuredly Christ had been raised in my heart, though until now, the government was not *wholly* on His shoulders; but by this unreserved surrender to His pure guidance, the mystery of godliness was beginning to open in increasing light and power, and that spirituality which had been discovered was now in a measure

possessed. The view I had been affected with on my first conviction, now cleared, and appeared so near being realized, that my mind, almost without interruption, dwelt under so awful a covering, that even all conversation impressed me with fear, and I was held in deep inward attention for, and to, the revealings of life. In religious meetings I was for some time frequently affected even to trembling, when matter would present to my mind, as though I must deliver it, though seldom more than a very little. Notwithstanding the love I felt was so universal, that I wanted *all* to be reached unto, yet for this family (the society of Friends), among whom I had tasted the soul sustaining bread, oh! how did I long for them and their good!

“About this season,* from a settled conviction of rectitude, I applied to be received into membership; and thought I might, when this privilege was granted, feel more strength should this solemn

*Now in the twenty-third year of her age.

requiring be continued; but though my way was made so easy that one visit only was ever paid me on that account, Friends being quite satisfied in their minds respecting the work begun in me, yet while the previous deliberation in the meeting took place, the fire of the Lord so burned in my heart, that I dared not but speak with my tongue. For several meeting days I hesitated, not from wilful disobedience, but awful fear to move in so great a work; and felt consequent poverty, though not severe condemnation; but one day about the 11th month (I think), in the year 1773, sitting with Friends in their meeting-house, in the Friars, Bristol, (I had once in a little country meeting moved before, but never here where the cross was great indeed,) my spirit bowed in awful reverence before the God of my life, and a few words so settled, that I could not any way shake them from me. I sat and trembled exceedingly, and desired to be excused, till a valuable friend from America (Robert Willis) then on a religious visit to that city, stood up, and

spoke so encouragingly to my state, that when he closed I stood on my feet, and the words impressing my mind, seemed to run through me as a passive vessel. He almost instantly kneeled down, and supplicated for the preservation of the little ones, saying, 'Thou hast brought to the birth and given strength to bring forth,' &c. I could not stand while he was thus engaged, being as though my whole frame was shaken through the power of truth. When meeting closed, I got as quickly as I could out of it, and walked a back way home, with such a covering of sweet peace, that I felt the evidence indisputably clear, that if I were *then* called out of time, an everlasting inheritance was sure; the whole creation wore the aspect of serenity, and the Creator of all things was *my friend*. Oh! on my return home, and retiring to my chamber, how sweetly precious did the language addressed to the holy Patriarch in an instance of obedience feel to my spirit, and it was indeed sealed by Divine power, 'Because thou hast been faithful in this

thing, in blessing I will bless thee,' &c. None of my family knew of this matter, and I strove to appear cheerful, which indeed I could in the sweet feeling of life; but so awful was the consideration of what was thus begun, that solemnity was also my garment, and I wished to be hid from the sight of every one. My body being very weak, the exercise and agitation greatly affected me, and I was that night taken alarmingly ill, but in a few days recovered, and got again to meetings. Friends manifested great tenderness towards me, and, though not frequently, I sometimes said a few words in the same simplicity I first moved, and once or twice ventured on my knees; after which exercises, I mean all of this nature, I felt quiet and easy, but never partook in the like degree as before recited of divine consolation."

Here it may not be unseasonable to remark that her dedication was made the means of reconciling her offended mother to the change which had so exceedingly tried her. This dear parent being acci-

dentally at a meeting where her daughter spoke, was greatly affected by the circumstance, and calling upon an intimate acquaintance afterward, expressed her regret at having ever opposed her, adding, that she was then convinced it must be the work of God, as from the knowledge she had of her daughter's disposition, she was well aware it must have cost her close suffering to undergo the exposure she had witnessed that evening. The fruit of this conviction became immediately apparent, so that although no direct allusion was ever made to the subject, the return of maternal tenderness and love was a sufficient, and very grateful evidence to one who had deeply lamented the necessity of giving pain to a parent, by acknowledging the superior duty she owed to her Heavenly Father.

After exercising the gift with which she was entrusted, for some time, the conflicts of her spirit were so great that she gave way to reasonings and doubts on the subject of her call to the sacred office, and

thus became involved in unspeakable distress, from which at times she could see no way to escape. "Oh! it would be difficult for me to mention," she says, "nor might it be safe, what my spirit was by these reasonings plunged into, insomuch that at last life itself was bitter, and a coincidence of outward circumstances added to my inward pressures, so that I fainted in my sighing and found little or no rest."

In the year 1777, she was married to Robert Dudley of Clonmel in Ireland, and soon after settling in that place, she was introduced into the meeting of Ministers and Elders, and was also appointed an Overseer. But neither the society of an affectionate husband and an increase of domestic comfort, nor the encouragement and sympathy of her friends, proved sufficient to afford that peace of which her exercised spirit felt so much the want. Her conflicts continued, and she was ready to conclude that through disobedience she had forfeited the Divine favor and should never again be commissioned to proclaim

the Lord's goodness. Referring to this period she writes:

"The concern of sensible minds on my account now became frequent, and several were led into near and tender sympathy with me, and travailed for my deliverance: but I now had no hope of ever again experiencing this; and often was I brought apparently to the borders of the grave by trying attacks of illness: so that I may describe my situation as being often miserable, though the sackcloth was worn more within than without, and I appeared to men *not* to fast, when my soul lacked even a crumb of sustaining bread. Thus I went on, as nearly as my recollection serves, for about seven years after my first yielding to the reasonings before described. * * *

In this state I attended a Province or Quarterly meeting in Cork, and after sitting two meetings for worship on First-day, in, I fear, wilful rebellion to the gentle intimations of duty, I went to Samuel Neale's, in a trying situation of mind and body; and his conduct towards me was

like a tender father, saying, '*The gift in thee* must be stirred up.' I got little rest that night, and next morning went in extreme distress to meeting, where I had not sat long before a serenity long withheld covered my mind, and I thought I intelligibly heard a language uttered, which exactly suited my own state; but it so hung about me (as at my first appearance, though not any thing like the same *clear* command to express it), that, being lifted above all reasonings, before I was aware I stood on my feet with it, and oh! the *rest* I again felt, the precious holy quiet! unequal in degree to what was first my portion, but as though I was altogether a changed creature, so that to me there was no *condemnation*. Here was indeed a recompense even for years of suffering, but with this alloy, that I had long deprived myself of the precious privilege by yielding to those reasonings which held me in a state of painful captivity."

Thus He who called her to His service, and designed to qualify her for His work,

brought her out of the perplexities and close probations in which her mind had been so long involved, to the comfort of many who had suffered with her and for her, and to His own praise; enabling her again to bear public testimony to His goodness.

To return to her own account. She writes :

“Having a disposition naturally prone to affectionate attachment, I now began, in the addition of children, to feel my heart in danger of so centering in these gifts, as to fall short of occupying in the manner designed, with the gift received; and though at seasons I was brought in the secret of my heart to make an entire surrender to the work I saw that I was called to, yet when any little opening presented, how did I shrink from the demanded sacrifice, and crave to be excused in this thing; so that an enlargement was not witnessed for some years, though I several times took journeys, and experienced holy help to be extended.”

CHAPTER III.

RELIGIOUS ENGAGEMENTS—JOURNEY ON THE CONTINENT
IN 1788—VISITS SOME PARTS OF HOLLAND AND GER-
MANY.

MARY DUDLEY's constitution was naturally delicate, and she was subject to frequent and sometimes severe attacks of indisposition; so that it was at times under the pressure of much bodily suffering that the prospect of religious services was opened to her, and a preparation of mind for proceeding therein experienced. The first religious engagement of which she has left any account, was a visit she paid, in the fall of 1786, accompanied by her dear friend Margaret Grubb, to the families of Friends in Limerick. In the spring of the next year she felt her mind attracted to Friends of Leinster Province, and visited several of their meetings and some of the families composing them.

In the early part of 1788 she entered

upon a religious engagement of an extensive and deeply important nature. The prospect of this service and her preparation for entering upon it, will be best described in her own words. Alluding to the year 1787, she says:

“About the fall of that year I was seized with an alarming illness, out of which few expected I should recover, nor did I myself when judging from bodily feelings. As to my mind, it was kept in such a state of deep poverty that I could form no settled judgment respecting any thing, save that at some seasons, the evidence of having passed from death unto life, by the feeling of near unity with the brethren, consoled me.

“During this probation, though apparently I was near the closing scene, there were moments when the love of the gospel so prevailed, that a willingness and even desire to *live* was felt, so that I might by any means be thought worthy to suffer or do anything for the promotion of truth, and the good of others. These impres-

sions were accompanied with a belief, that if I were raised up again, it would be for this purpose; and my heart was called, at a period when those about me expected my dissolution, to such a deep attention to the discoveries of light, that, as in a vision, though perfectly awake and sensible, I was carried to some distant parts, even to a people of a strange language; where gospel liberty was felt in a remarkable manner: then the vision was sealed, being for an appointed time, nor did I fully understand it (though from that period a solemn covering spread over my mind), till my ever dear and valuable sister Sarah R. Grubb, laid before our Monthly Meeting, her concern to visit some parts of France and Germany. The nearness of spirit I had with her, in her watchful attendance on me during the first of my illness, was surprising, and often, when no words passed, we mingled our sighs and tears, though she never gave me any hint of the exercise she was under, nor had I *then* any

perception of being under preparation for any service in conjunction with her.

“After she had obtained her certificates, we united in a little visit to a branch of our Monthly Meeting; and on returning I wished to hasten her departure, but found she felt no liberty to proceed, and said all concern was taken from her; but so closely queried of me respecting my feelings, that without saying much, I wept, and thereby discovered what I was struggling against, or at least wished to conceal, believing it was impossible I ever could be resigned to such a movement.

“From this time, the weight grew almost insupportable, so that sleep, appetite, and strength nearly departed from me, and my dear husband queried, after watching unperceived by me, ‘What can this be?’ He once mentioned France, but I requested him no more to do it, being affected to trembling, and I believe I could as readily have given up my natural life, as make this surrender. Oh! great indeed was the struggle, until at length the pre-

cious grain of all-conquering faith proved victorious, and believing Him faithful who had promised, I ventured to move in this awful matter, and, when the needful steps had been taken, left all, and endeavored resignedly to follow my great Master."

In yielding to this service the sacrifice was indeed great, but she was favored to experience the merciful extension of proportionate assistance. Her friends of Southwark Monthly meeting (London), in their testimony concerning her, say with reference to this visit: "She had seven children, the youngest only ten weeks old, when entering on this engagement; her health was very delicate, and in the progress of the journey she experienced many deep conflicts. But the holy arm of power being extended, she was enabled to accomplish the service to the unspeakable relief and peace of her own mind, and we trust to the edification of those in that remote part of the vineyard, who were thirsting for spiritual refreshment."

The following are extracts from her own account of this journey:

“*Second-month, 27th, 1788.*—I parted with my beloved husband and many dear friends in Waterford, and in company with Robert and Sarah R. Grubb, went on board a vessel bound for Minehead.”
“We left Minehead on Third-day (*the 4th of 3d month*), and arrived in London on Fifth-day. I was affectionately received by my dear friends J. and M. Eliot, and retired to rest under, I hope, a thankful sense of many unmerited mercies, with the additional one of hearing from my family that all were well.

“*Sixth-day.*—Attended Grace Church street meeting,—a low time to my poor mind, which seemed oppressed, and as it were in prison. Some prospect of moving forward opened this evening in a conference with George Dillwyn, who seems bound to the awful service on the continent. It is pleasant to have the prospect of so strong a link to this chain. I am *very* low and poor, emphatically

‘going forth weeping.’ May the right seed be kept in dominion! Amidst such qualified servants in this mission, how little do I feel myself! Yet hope I have not entered presumptuously on the list. The cause, I know is in the *best* hands, and if my venturing brings no dishonor to it, I hope to be thankful; further seems not now in my view.”

“*First-day, the 9th*, was a day of peace and liberty to me, though one wherein there was rather a descending to the deeps than ascending to the heights.”

“*Second-day, 10th*.—Attended the Morning meeting and produced our certificates. Friends seemed disposed to enter thoroughly into the matter, near sympathy and unity were expressed, and a committee was appointed to draw up certificates for us, and one for George Dillwyn, who laid his concern before them. We had a conference this day with Adey Bellamy respecting our proposed journey.

“*Third-day, the 11th*.—Sat a quiet, solid meeting at the Peel, held in silence,

wherein a little renewal of faith was afforded, and cause for confidence in holy help. Last night confirmed me in a feeling sense of my short-sightedness. The southern parts of France being all along the first object in my view, the way to get there the soonest, appeared desirable, and the passage from Dover to Calais that which effected this desire most speedily; but our beloved companion George Dillwyn, feeling the passage to Holland most clear to *his* mind, I felt *mine* greatly tried, wishing if I had but ever so small a bit of ground to move on, it might be my own. I went to bed thus exercised, and endeavored to think only of *Dover*, but after a season of very close conflict, and I think honest travel for right direction, a serene sky seemed spread over this prospect of G. D.'s, and every other passage to France utterly closed; so I simply communicated my feelings this evening to my companions, and thus far peace attends.

“Our dear friend, John Eliot, is, I believe, bound to the south, but has yet

made no movement in his Monthly meeting. Adey Bellamy has laid his prospect before Friends, and it is likely will be liberated by the time J. E. is, if *he* discloses his feelings at his next Monthly meeting. Our having come hither seems providential, as J. E. and A. B. understand the language well; and the hope of this seasonable assistance has tended to renew my faith and patience, which I sometimes trust will hold out to the end."

"*Fifth-day.*—After being at Ratcliff meeting, I accompanied George Dillwyn and wife to Jacob Bell's to dinner. A solemnity covered my mind afterwards, under which it felt pleasant to have a pause for seeking the renewed influence of the pure principle of life and love; and the season was graciously owned. Spent the evening at another Friend's, I thought profitably, in free conversation. First-day, went to Horsely Down meeting in the morning, a low time; Grace Church street in the afternoon; and at six in the evening a public meeting appointed by George

Dillwyn, in which he was largely engaged. I again felt, in a painful manner, the consequence of withholding more than is meet, yet trust wilful disobedience was not the cause, but a fear of not feeling sufficient authority. 'Seekest thou great things?' seems the query often put to my poor mind on such occasions; and though the injunction is added, 'Seek them not,' how slowly do I learn!

"*Second-day, 17th.*—Morning meeting; a time of favor, through several instruments. Our certificates were signed, I believe, by all present, and the meeting seemed to conclude under the uniting evidence of Christian fellowship—many dear friends expressing near sympathy with us, poor pilgrims, in our going forth; and G. Dillwyn closing with solemn supplication for the continuance of gracious protection.

"*Third-day, 18th.*—We turned our backs on the grand city, and got to Colchester to dinner; met a kind reception at our friend John Kendal's, and had there, in the evening, the company of Thomas Corbyn and

Thomas Hull, who returned with J. K. from the service of visiting the meetings in that county. It was pleasant to see T. Corbyn, before our embarkation; and he was kindly affectionate and sympathizing to us. Dear Rebecca Jones also spent the night here, in her return from Ipswich."

"As no packets leave Harwich regularly, but on Fourth and Seventh-days, our proceeding thither seemed not desirable till near the time." "My poor mind is under discouragement from various causes. Remarkable anxiety has attended me for several days about home; and faith is indeed low, though I thankfully remember having been enabled to surrender all I have to the disposal of unerring Wisdom. Seventh-day, the wind contrary, and no prospect of sailing. I feel very low, and almost in danger of casting away hope.

"*First-day, 23d.*—So ill that I could not get up till about noon. Our company went to meeting, where I think only about seven attended. In the evening a solemnity covered us, under which dear

George Dillwyn revived the query put to the disciples, 'When I sent you without purse or scrip, lacked ye anything? and they said, Nothing.' Again, 'They that have left all shall receive an hundred-fold now in this time, and in the world to come eternal life.' This seemed so peculiarly applicable to my tried state, that while my soul was as though it refused comfort, I could not but taste a little renewal of hope. We just broke up, when a summons to go on board was sent us.

"There being but little wind, and that not quite fair, we had a tedious passage, but were favored to experience holy protection, and landed about eight o'clock on Fourth-day evening, at Helvoetsluys, where we got to a clean inn, kept by two Englishwomen. While in the boat going on shore, a sweet calm covered my mind, accompanied by the fresh application of that gracious promise, 'I will be to thee mouth and wisdom.' This, after the tossings I had been tried with for many days, tended to renew my confidence in divine sufficiency and goodness.

“*Fifth-day, 27th.*—Left Helvoet this morning in a carriage-wagon, and traveled on a very deep road—often in danger of overturning, to the Briel. Here we crossed a ferry about a mile over, went again by land to another ferry, and thence to Maasslandsluys. In this place we seemed as gazing stocks to the people, many following us, though all behaved civilly, and had they understood our speech, would probably have helped us. I felt what I think was the love of the gospel, my heart being so filled that I could have spoken to the people as I walked along the street, and while in the house where we stopped to get a little refreshment; but I felt *what* I was, and who I was with, and had not courage to query whether we might not as well remain a while; therefore with the heaviest heart I ever remember feeling at leaving any place, we went on board a treckschuyt for Delft, whence we proceeded to Rotterdam, and there got to the house of an Englishwoman that night.

“I feel sensibly confirmed in the belief,

that passing through Holland was the right way, for in coming through the towns to this place, there has been so much love prevalent, that it has felt to me as though we were not among strangers, though with a people of a strange speech, and that there were many who could be spoken to from something answering in their minds to what is felt by us, even without outward interpretation. A minister of the Calvinist church drank tea with us this evening, and undertook to give notice of a meeting which is appointed for to-morrow.

“Seventh-day, 29th.—The meeting was held at ten o’clock. George Dillwyn and Sarah Grubb were strengthened to recommend inward waiting for the revelation of Divine power, but there seemed little openness among the few assembled; several ministers of the Calvinistic church attended, and we took tea with one of them; many others were present, and a good deal of religious conversation took place, wherein an explanation was entered into of our

principles and testimonies; George Dillwyn opening these clearly, and apparently to their satisfaction. I thought this was a season spent profitably, though as to my own feelings I am like one in prison. May I be helped to resign myself into His hands who has, I trust, sent me out on this journey; for while my conflicts seem rather to increase than lessen, and the exercise of my spirit almost weighs down the poor body, I do at times feel renewed confidence that I shall be preserved, and that those I have left will be taken care of.

“First-day, 30th.—A public meeting at four in the afternoon; it was very large, more coming than the house could hold; some liberty was felt by all of us in expressing what arose, but it was an exercising low time. A physician and his wife came to tea with us, and expressed satisfaction in our company, which we also felt in theirs, and parted from them in that love which throws down all distinctions of names in religion.

“Second-day, 31st.—After a solemn sea-

son with the only person we knew of here who makes any profession with us, we set off in a treckschuyt for Amsterdam, where we arrived the next evening, and met a kind reception from John Vanderwerf. Fourth-day, attended the Monthly meeting of the few Friends here, and light seeming to shine upon visiting these in their own houses, we entered upon the service, which was so owned by the prevalence of gospel liberty and love that hard things were made comparatively easy. Sarah Grubb and I had never before spoken through an interpreter, which office J. V. Jun. filled agreeably, and our minds were bowed in thankfulness to the Lord, who manifests himself a present helper.

“The situation of these few sheep, as it were in a wilderness country, calls for near sympathy, and it is a favor when not only this feeling is extended, but a willingness accompanies it to let it run as it flows. It is about four years since they were first visited by George Dillwyn, Samuel Emlen and John Kendal.

That life which is the crown of all profession is certainly low; the seed seems in a wintry state, scarcely shooting above ground, yet we have thought it is under the care of Him who can nourish and bring it forth, if it be only allowed to lie under His cultivating hand, and not exposed too much to the chilling breath that surrounds. There are also some hidden, seeking minds in these parts—perhaps mixed with the various names to religion, and others who we find do not join with any denomination, but keep quietly among themselves, exemplary in their conduct, doing good, and communicating of their outward blessings; plain in their appearance and manner. One of these, after sitting in an opportunity where evident solemnity covered us, observed that though we could not understand each other, there was *'a feeling and unity within.'*

"First-day, 6th of 4th month.—We had two public meetings, one at half past nine, the other at four. George Dillwyn and Sarah Grubb were favored to minister

with gospel love and authority. I had fresh cause for confusion and the acknowledgment that to me belongeth shame; pain still attends the remembrance of my want of dedication in these meetings.

"Second-day morning.—We had a little sitting among ourselves, desiring to feel our way *from*, or detention *in* this city, rightly ordered. We were afresh helped to believe, that, as the eye was kept single, He who had led forth would continue to preserve us. We went to tea with a family named Decknatel—a widow, her son, and two daughters; these were educated in the Anabaptist profession, her husband having been a preacher among this sect, but since his death they have not joined in communion with any particular people, but keep themselves select, except going sometimes to the Moravian worship. A sweet influence prevailed in the house, and a good deal of religious conversation occurred, J. Vanderwerf being with us to interpret. They believe in the sufficiency of the Spirit of Truth to lead into all truth,

though they seem not fully to have entered into that *rest* where there is a ceasing from our own works, as they sing hymns sometimes, and have an instrument of music in their house. They were very desirous of understanding us, and our errand. It seemed strange to them for *me* to leave a husband and seven children, but feeling liberty to enter a little into the cause and some particulars of my conviction, &c., as the remembrance arose with renewed thankfulness, they appeared not only fully satisfied, but to comprehend the language. This conversation introduced to a solemn silence, in which they readily joined, and we had each to unite in the testimony that the salutation of 'peace unto it' belonged to this house. This memorable season closed in awful supplication, and we parted under a feeling of that pure love which throws down the narrow barriers of nominal distinction, and baptizes into the unity of the one spirit."

"10th.—Left Amsterdam with J. V. Jun.

and Frederick Mentz, in a carriage boat, the usual way of traveling in this country: it is drawn along a canal by a horse, and consists of a small cabin, calculated to hold seven or eight, and a larger room, which will contain about thirty people, with seats to accommodate all the passengers, and light sufficient to work by. We arrived at Utrecht between three and four o'clock; felt exercised respecting a meeting here, but, not living enough by faith, and looking too much outward, discouragement prevailed.

"11th.—Set off from Utrecht in a post-wagon, and traveled over deep roads, through a woody country thickly inhabited, though the land is poor; and we found but indifferent lodging and entertainment until we reached Dusseldorf, on the evening of the 13th, where we got to a good inn.

"14th.—Concluded to stay this day, to feel whether bound or dismissed from hence. In the forenoon called on Michael David Wetterboar, whom our friends Deck-

natel recommended us to see. We also drank tea with him, and found him an inward retired man, living pretty much alone, and not knowing that he has any companions in this large place, where superstition seems to reign. We had a season of solid retirement after tea, and some profitable conversation, through Robert Grubb, in French."

"17th.—Left Dusseldorf about half past six, and got to Cologne to dinner,—a dark place of popish superstition, crosses and images appearing almost every where in and about it. We all felt oppressed, and glad to leave this place. Reached Bonn, a smaller town, where similar idolatry prevailed. George Dillwyn and R. Grubb, walking out, saw the Host, as it is called, carrying about, and the people kneeling to it.

"18th.—Rode through a beautiful valley of vineyards and other plantations, bounded on one side by richly cultivated mountains, and on the other by the Rhine, on each side of which towns

and villages thickly appeared, also some monasteries and ruins, altogether forming as diversified and lovely a scene as I ever rode through: but in this day's journey I found Nature unusually oppressed, so that it was hard to bear the motion, and my illness increased so much that when I saw a town on the other side the Rhine, not knowing it was our destination, I thought it looked a desirable resting-place, and wished to get to it; when the driver turned his carriage that way, and it proved to be Neuwied, a place to which we had recommendations.* Here we got to a comfortable inn, like a private lodg-

** Copy of one of the introductory letters given by the family of Decknatel.*

“MY DEAR BROTHER :

“I give this address by these Friends, whom they call Quakers, from England. Perhaps they will call in their journey at Neuwied. Though you cannot speak with them but by an interpreter, yet you may have an agreeable feeling and influence in silence, through the favor of the Lord, *which you desire*. I salute you with renewed affection.

J. D.”

ing, kept by Moravians, who received us cordially, and we took up our quarters with them. 19th.—I was very ill, so as to lie in bed all day, low in mind as well as in body. Dear Sarah Grubb indisposed also, and we felt glad in this state to be in a quiet asylum.

“20th, *First-day*.—My complaints continuing, I was not able to go out. My dear companions sat at my bedside, where, in a season of quiet refreshment, we remembered with comfort it was when the disciples walked together and were sad, that their great Master joined Himself to them.

“21st.—A day of distress every way, mostly in bed during the forenoon: after dinner went to see the Moravian establishment, the Schools for girls and boys, &c., but so low that nothing seemed capable of cheering me. My faith and patience are so tried that I am ready to fear the honor of the great name, and that excellent cause which through every discouragement is dear to my heart, may suffer by my engaging in this embassy. I feel

myself so insufficient for the work, and even at seasons when holy help is near, qualified to do so little, that I am ready to query, for what am I sent? Yet I remember there are various vessels in a house, and it may sometimes seem proper to the Master to call for one of the smallest to use as He pleases—to convey what He appoints; and if care be only taken to have this vessel kept clean, though it may not be often called for, or able to contain much, it may answer some little purpose, by having a place in the house; and help to fill up some corner which a larger one could not easily get into. I *know* that I sought not this; that I ventured not without feeling the weight of ‘Woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel,’ *where* the holy finger is pleased to point: and the remembrance of these baptisms, with the renewal of frequent close conflicts, raises a hope through all, that though the sea may be permitted to swell, and the waves rise exceedingly high, the poor vessel will be preserved from becoming a wreck amidst

the storms, and the little cargo be safely landed at last.

“23*d.*—We called this morning on an old man, belonging to a sect who call themselves inspired. A little conversation through an interpreter proved rather satisfactory. At seven in the evening we went to sit with these people [Inspirants] in their meeting, expecting, from the account received of them, that they sat mostly in silence; but we found it far otherwise. They remained awhile still, with apparent solemnity, and then all kneeled down, and used words as in prayer, afterwards singing; then one of them read part of a chapter and expounded. We sat still until they had concluded, when a few words were, as well as the language admitted, conveyed to them. On the whole we were not sorry we obtained this acquaintance with their manner of worship; as others denominated them Quakers, and we were now able to unfold to them the difference between us.”

“24*th.*—In a little retirement this morn-

ing light seemed to shine on a public meeting here, the Menonists agreeing to give the use of their house at four o'clock in the afternoon. A few of these, with some Moravians and Inspirants, attended. Joseph Mortimer, a single brother from Yorkshire, kindly acted as interpreter for us. Feeling a little desire in my heart to call on a man whose countenance had struck me in the meeting, we went. On entering the house a salutation of love arose, and a memorable season ensued, which to me seemed like a brook by the way, consolatory after a season of great trial and drought, and we left Neuwied with renewed feelings of that love which had nearly united us to many there.

“We got to Wiesbaden the evening of the 26th, and met with an Englishman who accompanied us to several bathing houses, this place being famous for an extraordinary boiling spring, of a sulphurous nature, which is communicated by pipes to the different houses. From thence we proceeded to Frankfort, a fine

populous town, remarkable for the liberties it possesses, being governed by its own magistrates, who are Lutherans. It is supposed to contain twenty thousand inhabitants, and among these three thousand Jews. No man pays more than five pounds a year taxes, which commences on his declaring himself worth fifteen hundred pounds. The city being so privileged is a thriving one, and not obliged to take part in war, unless the empire be invaded. Here we met one called a Pietist, with whom we had some religious conversation to our mutual comfort.

“From Frankfort we pursued our journey through Freiburg and some parts of Suabia; and being favored with delightful weather, and having little delay, we arrived at Basle the 3d of the 5th month.

“4th.—Had a little season of quiet retirement alone, and in the evening we went to see a person named Brenan, with whom Claude Gay lodged for three weeks. He and another old man live retired; they are of the sect of Inspirants. Several met

us to tea, and religious conference ensuing, liberty was felt in recommending silent waiting for ability to worship. This sitting renewed that fellowship which is indeed the bond of the saint's peace, and the harmony in service increased that cement which is as precious ointment sending forth a sweet savour.

"We went to supper with Jean Christè, a Moravian to whom we were recommended from Neuwied. Several of that sect were with us, and we had a satisfactory time of innocent cheerfulness and freedom.

"5th.—Sat, as usual, together in our chamber. My mind was under some exercise about a public meeting, but I felt fearful of mentioning it. Our friend Christè came to tea with us: the symptoms of being measurably redeemed are obvious in this man. We all felt much love in our hearts towards him, and his seemed open to us. J. Sulger, a Moravian who understands English, kindly interpreted for us: in him also the seed of life appears to shoot forth in grain which we hope is ripening. Oh! if

these visited ones were but inward enough, how would their growth be forwarded!

“6th.—Went to tea with a large company of Moravians. Some of their inquiries respecting women’s preaching and the nature of our visit, were answered to apparent satisfaction, but our minds being drawn into silence, we found it a close conflict to yield. The company were ready to hear, or talk; but the opposition in *them* to silence, and our nature pleading to be excused, brought on deep exercise. Our friend Sulger asked if he should desire them to be still; this was a relief to Sarah Grubb and myself, and she was, after some time of stillness, engaged to explain the nature of true worship, and the necessity of waiting for preparation to perform it. They again began talking, to show their approbation of what had been said; but silence being again requested, George Dillwyn followed with good authority, and I thought some of them then felt what true silence was, particularly our interpreter, *to whom, as well as through whom,*

I believed the testimony flowed. I sat some time in close travail, desiring that the people might *feel* as well as *hear*, but found it a great trial to speak what seemed given me for them; at length love prevailed, and this memorable season, which closed in solemn prayer, was, to me, one of the most relieving since I came on the continent.

“ We went to sup with the two dear old men, J. Christè accompanying us; it was a pleasant visit, peace evidently surrounded the dwellings. On parting I just remembered how Jacob was favored near the close of his life, and what worship he performed leaning on his staff; after reviving which, we left them in love.”

CHAPTER IV.

JOURNEY ON THE CONTINENT CONTINUED—VISITS NISMES,
CONGENIES, AND OTHER PLACES IN FRANCE—LETTER
TO LOUIS MAJOLIER.

"Fifth month, 9th.—We parted with our dear friends at Basle under a sense of uniting love, and traveled through a beautiful country richly diversified by Nature and improved by art, to Geneva, where I was confined one day by illness, at a poor inn. Here we got an account of our friends J. Eliot and A. Bellamy having arrived at Lyons.

"Though I was still greatly indisposed, we set forward on the 16th, and traveled, through almost incessant rain, to Chalons, a little French village, where we were indifferently entertained and lodged at a very dirty inn. Next day we had a romantic ride between very high rocks and mountains, strong torrents of water pour-

ing with wonderful rapidity, some not less than three hundred feet, with perpendicular and sloping falls; these emptying themselves into a lake below, and thence into the Rhone. This scene of grandeur was rendered awful by remarkably loud claps of thunder, and vivid flashes of lightning, which continued some hours, accompanied by heavy hail storms and rain. Through divine preservation we got to a tolerable inn to sleep, and were favored to reach Lyons the evening of the 18th; where the interview with our dear friends (J. E. and A. B.) proved mutually comforting; and I had fresh cause for thankfulness in finding several letters from my beloved husband, conveying the intelligence of all being well. This, after suffering much from anxiety about home, was humbling to my heart. May I learn increasingly to commit all into the Divine hand!

"We proceeded from Lyons in a carriage-boat down the Rhone, passing many towns and villages on the banks of this rapid river; landed at Pont Esprit, and

reached Nismes in the afternoon of the 22d. From thence we proceeded next day to Congenies."

This is a small village in the department of Gard, situated about ten miles nearly west from Nismes. It contained, at the time of M. D.'s visit, about one hundred and fifty houses and six hundred and fifty inhabitants. These generally had but small possessions, but were well contented. William Savery, who was there in 1797, mentions that the simple wants of the people seemed to be supplied, although he did not observe a shop in all the village for the sale of any kind of goods. At that time, about seventeen families in Congenies, and probably as many more in other places in the neighborhood, were known as Friends, and professed principles similar to those of our Society. [For some account of these people, see Appendix.]

Mary Dudley thus proceeds with her narrative :

"On the coach stopping at a little inn where we designed to alight, a large num-

ber of people surrounded us, some looking almost overcome with joy, others surprised, some smiling, but all behaving civilly. Our men friends alighting, in order to make arrangements for our reception, left us women in the coach; but such was the covering with which my mind was then favored, that being a spectacle to thousands would have seemed trifling to me: tears flowed, from a renewed sense of unmerited regard, and the extension of the love of the universal Parent to His children, spread a serenity not easily set forth.

“We were desired to accompany some who joined us to a neighboring house, and the room we entered was soon filled with persons who, by every testimony we could comprehend, rejoiced in seeing us, though many expressed their feelings only by tears. They reluctantly consented, for the first night, to our occupying three tolerably commodious bed-chambers at the house of a Protestant (but one not professing as they do), and we designed to engage these rooms, with another for a kitchen, and hire

a servant to attend on us: but before we were dressed next morning, several of these affectionate, poor women carried off our trunks, &c.; and on consulting together, we concluded it was best to yield to the wishes of those we came to visit, resigning the personal convenience we might enjoy in being permitted to provide for ourselves. We therefore accepted apartments in two of their houses; and while these and their manner of cooking are very different to what we have ever been accustomed to, the belief that we are here in right direction, smooths what would otherwise be hard to bear. Their love for our company is such, that they seldom leave us alone, and seem to think they cannot do enough to make us comfortable.

“A few, both of the men and women, are sensible, intelligent persons, with whom, could we converse, some of us would be well pleased. We are well aware that speaking only through an interpreter obstructs the stream of freedom; and yet I have thought that even this might have its

use, by tending to prevent too much conversation, and thereby drawing their and our own minds from that state of watchfulness, wherein suitable supplies being received, we may be qualified properly to administer in due season to their wants.

“*First-day, 25th.*—Their meeting this morning was attended by between eighty and ninety persons. Soon after sitting down, several of them appeared strangely agitated, and no less than five spoke one after another, partly in testimony, and partly in supplication, all sitting except one man, who stood up and expressed a little in humility and tenderness.

“We found that *our* safety was in getting to our own exercise, desiring as ability was afforded, that the right seed might rise into dominion, and the imaginations of the creature be brought into subjection: and though it was evident that but few of them were acquainted with that silence, wherein the willings and workings of nature are reduced, and the still small voice which succeeds the wind and the

fire, intelligibly heard; yet we were comforted in observing much of this emotion subside, and the meeting was favored towards the conclusion, with a solemnity it wanted before; the people settling more into stillness, while testimony and prayer went forth through George Dillwyn.

“Thinking that sympathy with them in their different growth and situations, was likely to be more fully known by a discriminating visit, we proposed, after having our certificates read this evening, to sit with them in their families, which proposal they gladly accepted.

“*6th month, 4th.*—Since the 26th ult., we have sat with twelve families in this village—one at Fontanes, six miles distant, two at Quissac, nine miles further, and one at Calvisson, one and a half mile from hence. At this last mentioned place resides Louis Majolier, who has been our attentive companion in the family sittings, and at our lodging, since we first came. He is a sensible, intelligent young man, evidently under the tendering visitation of

truth, and humbly desirous of right instruction. As is often the case amongst the more privileged members of our religious Society, we have in many of these visits to struggle hard for the arising of life; some of those we sit with seeming unacquainted with the necessity of witnessing the dominion of that divine power which is the crown of glory, and diadem of beauty to the true Israel; but there are others, who, having measurably learned where to wait, we believe are a little strengthened by our sympathy with them, and receive with joy the communicated word. In some seasons, this has had free course, many, like thirsty ground, drinking in the rain; so that the watered, and those who have been renewedly helped to water, have rejoiced together.

“Their appearance, manner of behaviour, &c., are certainly such as bear little resemblance to our Society; but the honest simplicity there is among them, the apparent consciousness of their deficiencies, and tenderness of spirit, confirm our hope of a

clearer prospect opening in due season. We have not felt it our business to call their attention to the different branches of our Christian testimony—the little labor bestowed tending to centre them to that ‘light which maketh manifest,’ and by an obedience whereto the gradual advances of the ‘perfect day’ are known; and we are greatly deceived if this day has not dawned upon many in this dark corner, though its brightness is yet intercepted by shades and clouds. Their meeting last First-day was different from the former, only one disturbing the quiet of it, and none of those agitations which were apparent in the preceding assembly. In the afternoon they held their Monthly Meeting, the business whereof is only the care of their poor, and oversight of each other’s moral conduct; but our men friends, who understand the language, observed that their method far exceeded their expectations. This season was also graciously regarded, and renewed help afforded for the service required. The company of J.

E. and A. B. is truly pleasant, and their facility in speaking French helpful. They lodge at a Friend's named Marignan, and we at a Widow Benezet's."

"6th.—In a conference together this forenoon, we concluded to have the most weighty part of the people here together, and have a sitting with them; and after selecting some names for this purpose, at four in the afternoon sat with a family who came from the country. This was to me a season of instruction, under a feeling of the universal regard of Him who knows the various situations of His children, not respecting the persons of any. What was said to these poor people seemed to have entrance, and tended to our peace. At six o'clock we met, as appointed, with those selected. Much freedom of speech was used in pointing out to them some inconsistencies, and recommending to increasing watchfulness; that being swift to hear and slow to speak, they might be enabled to distinguish the Shepherd's voice and follow it, refusing to obey that of the stranger. I

hope this was a profitable season to them and us.

"7th.—We went about a league to sit with a few professors—rather a low time, though liberty was felt to express what arose; and we parted under humbling feelings, returning to Congenies to tea.

"8th, *First-day*.—About ten o'clock we met as usual. The assembly was soon covered with great stillness and evident solemnity, which I sincerely desired might not be lessened by me, though I believed it right to revive the language of David, 'One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in His temple.' I felt renewed help in communicating what arose, and the sense of good seemed to increase, while the stream of gospel ministry flowed through other instruments: and our spirits were bowed in awful reverence before Him who had not sent us a warfare at our own cost, but graciously supplied every lack.

They were afterwards recommended by S. Grubb and myself, to be not only hearers, but doers of the law, and, like Mary, to ponder the sayings they had heard in their hearts, keeping up the watch.

“I had previously mentioned to our company a view of having the younger and unmarried people assembled; and at the close of this meeting it was proposed to have them convened at four o’clock in the afternoon. At two, we sat with nine persons, who came from a distance, to satisfaction; and at the appointed time met our young friends, who made a considerable appearance as to numbers. The fore part of this sitting was heavy, but life gradually arose, and sweet liberty ensued; our belief being confirmed that there is, among this class, though in an unfavorable soil, a seed sown, which through individual faithfulness would spread and become fruitful to the praise of the great Husbandman. These were honestly cautioned against what might retard their growth, and earnest prayer was offered on

their behalf. Some of us feeling desirous of having a meeting with the inhabitants of this place, the subject was solidly considered among ourselves, and notwithstanding apparent difficulties, we agreed to attempt it.

“By the laws of the land no public meeting is allowed to any but the Catholics, Protestants meeting, even here, in the fields or private houses, and the dear people we are visiting sit in their assemblies with the outside door locked. Believing they had not yet attained sufficient strength to be exposed to much suffering, we have feared putting them out of their usual way; the proposal, however, of giving liberty to any of the neighbors who might incline to accept the invitation, was readily acceded to by them. At ten o'clock on the morning of the 10th, a considerable number of Protestants and some Roman Catholics assembled. They behaved with great quietness, and the meeting was mercifully owned by a feeling of liberty to labor, and a sense of that love which is universal

and *would* gather *all* under its blessed influence.

“11th.—We rose early, and after breakfast, most of those we had visited in the village collecting in our apartment, a solemnity covered us, under which the same love which had attracted us to them, flowed in a strong current, and the language of the apostle was revived, ‘Finally, brethren, farewell! be of one mind, live in peace, and the God of love and peace shall be with you.’ We parted, with many tears on both sides, from these endeared people, for whom we had, in our different measures, traveled that Christ might be formed in them, and they be not only the visited, but redeemed of the Lord.

“Louis Majolier and F. Benezet accompanied us to a town called St. Gilles,* where

* St Gilles is a town of some six thousand inhabitants, situated near the Mediterranean, and about eighteen miles south-east from Congenies. Wm. Savery found that those professing with Friends at this place were generally in much more easy circumstances than those at Congenies, “but

we lodged at a comfortable house belonging to one of our Friends, and on the 12th had a meeting with such as resided in the place. Next day I became alarmingly ill, and was not able to join my companions in sitting with some who came from the country.

"14th.—My illness so increased that towards noon I doubted my continuing long if not relieved: my dear S. Grubb was poorly also. What trials of faith and patience are permitted for the proving of some; no doubt in unerring wisdom!

"15th.—Though still much indisposed, I was not easy to stay from meeting; therefore arose, and was made renewedly sensible that when the creature is so reduced as to know indeed that it can do nothing, He who is strength in weakness shows Himself strong. I was helped to discharge myself honestly, to my own peace, and the

in general not quite so susceptible and tender." They were very generous and hospitable, and had considerable influence in the town and neighborhood.

meeting concluded in awful prayer and praise."

On the next day they left St. Gilles, and proceeded to Nismes. She remarks: "We had a solemn parting with dear Louis Majolier, who felt very near to us, and to whom the language, 'Be thou steadfast, immovable,' &c., was addressed in the fresh flowing of gospel love.

"We travelled from Nismes in a tedious manner, drawn by mules at the rate of about thirty miles a day, rising early, and late taking rest. The country abounds with vineyards, olive-yards, fig and mulberry trees; pomegranates growing in the hedges like our white thorn, and the air in some places rendered fragrant by aromatic herbs, springing up spontaneously in rocky ground. There is but little pasture land in these parts; a rudeness in appearance, with the want of neat fences, &c., renders the country less beautiful than ours. The houses are dirty, and the people slovenly. They seem chiefly employed in making wine and raising silk-worms, which give

them profitable produce. There was neither cow nor milch-goat in the village of Congenies.

“ We got to Lyons fatigued and poorly on the 21st. Here I was again very ill, and mostly in bed, till Second-day afternoon (the 23d), when we set out in three voitures, and proceeded agreeably through a beautiful, fertile country, richly improved, fine pasture and corn-fields, and walnut trees frequently bounding each side of the road for miles together.

“ We arrived at Paris on the evening of the 29th, and left it again the 2d of the 7th month, traveling by post to Alençon. Here our friend J. M. met us, and we went in his coach to Desvignes, his place of residence, about a league distant. We were kindly received by his wife; and being weak and weary, found this resting place comfortable.

“ 6th.—A solemn sitting with J. M., his wife and little son, was graciously owned by Divine regard, and sympathy renewedly felt with the hidden seed in a state of

proving, as in the winter. In a little conference among ourselves afterwards, G Dillwyn avowed his prospect of going to Guernsey. The idea of parting felt trying; but the belief that it is individual faithfulness which constitutes Christian harmony, tended to produce resignation.

“8th.—With a savor of good covering all our minds, we took leave of this family; and at Alençon, under somewhat of solemn sadness, parted with our endeared companions, G. and S. Dillwyn, J. M. going with them to Guernsey, and the remainder of our little band proceeding towards Dieppe, where we arrived the afternoon of the 10th. We were called up at four o'clock next morning, got on board the Princess Royal packet about six, and through the extension of continued goodness, were favored with a fine, though rather tedious passage of twenty-three hours, landing at Brighthelmstone on Seventh-day morning. We went on that afternoon to East Grinstead, and thence twenty miles on First-day morning to Croydon; attended meet-

ing there, and reached London to tea. In this great city our five-fold cord untwisted, Robert and Sarah Grubb going to R. Chester's, Adey Bellamy to his own house, and J. Eliot and I to Bartholomew-close, where the company of dear M. Eliot and her children was a real consolation to my poor mind, feeling this hospitable mansion as a second home.

“14th.—Attended the Quarterly Meeting for London and Middlesex, which was large and favored. We feel, I trust, humbly thankful at being once more indulged with seeing many near and dear friends, whose affectionate reception of us seems a cordial to our spirits, after our various exercises. We attended many different meetings in the city, and on the 21st, returned to the Morning Meeting the certificates received therefrom, and gave a little account of our movements in this arduous service, of which a record was made on their books.”

Mary Dudley was favored to reach her own habitation in safety about the middle of the Eighth month, worn indeed in body,

but with a relieved and thankful mind; and in alluding to her late engagement, she writes as follows:

“Under various deep exercises during this journey, the language, ‘Wherefore didst thou doubt?’ has been so legibly inscribed on my heart, that I often think none has greater cause to depend on the Arm of everlasting help than I have; and the confirming evidence of a peace passing every enjoyment has been as a stay in the midst of conflict, an anchor in times of storm: nor do I ever remember feeling a more abiding sense of this heavenly treasure, than during my residence with that dear little flock at Congenies, towards whom the current of gospel love still sweetly flows.”

A letter written by Mary Dudley in the year 1790, so manifests the continuance of affectionate and Christian solicitude on behalf of her friends in the south of France, that we append the greater portion of it as forming an appropriate conclusion to the present chapter.

“MY BELOVED FRIEND LOUIS MAJOLIER:

“Were I to tell thee and thy dear wife, with my other valued friends at Congenies, that I have not ceased to love you, as often as the sensible renewings of Christian fellowship refresh my mind, our converse in this way would be frequent; but though I may through continued gracious regard, be indulged with this symptom of having passed from death unto life—love to the brethren—I seem but seldom under qualification to help any of my fellow professors in their spiritual travail; being often brought very low, not only in mind but in body; instructed by frequent chastisements of love, that I have no continuing city here.

“You, my dear friends, know some of my many infirmities, and I often gratefully remember how affectionately you sympathized with me, and endeavored, by your friendly attentions, to alleviate such as I was tried with while among you. Yea, the remembrance of having been with you is pleasant, and there are seasons when I seem so to visit you in spirit, to

feel with and for you, that I am as though personally among you, joying (if I may use the words of an apostle) and rejoicing to behold the steadfastness of some.

“Among these hast thou, beloved Louis, refreshed my mind, in believing that the visitation of divine love has not been extended in vain; but that in yielding obedience to the heavenly vision, thou hast known an advancement in the line of righteousness, and an increase in stability and peace. Go on, my endeared friend. The sense that often impressed my heart while with thee now revives, even that much depends on thy perseverance, not only thy own, and precious companion’s welfare, but that of the little flock mercifully gathered by the everlasting Shepherd, under whose holy guidance, I view thee delegated to lead them, designed, in the forcible language of example, to encourage them ‘to follow Christ.’

“Ah! my dear brother, how much is implied in being a follower of Christ! how deep ought the dwelling of such to be,

in order that a full conformity may be wrought to His will, by a total renunciation of our own under every appearance. The work of thorough subjection is truly a great work, and it is to be expected, in the refining process, that deep sufferings and closely proving conflicts should attend the exercised spirit. 'Ye shall indeed drink of my cup,' was the blessed Master's language, 'and be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with.' This is sealed in the experience of his tribulated servants; they measurably partake of the dispensations so largely filled up by Him, when in the prepared body, and herein their union with Him is effected; but, blessed be His name, there is a consoling declaration gone forth, 'If we suffer we shall also reign with Him.'

"There are seasons when such baptized sons and daughters know, even here, through the resurrection of life, something of this sort; when Truth, rising into dominion over all in their hearts, they are made as kings and priests unto God; and

there is a season approaching, when, being unclothed of these mortal bodies, such shall be clothed upon with immortality and eternal life.

“My heart has been unexpectedly filled to thee, my dear friend, and I have given my pen liberty. If any thing can be gathered up from these broken hints, which may serve as an encouragement to thee in thy trying allotment, I shall be glad, for surely I would encourage thee. Mayest thou put on strength in the Lord’s name, and trusting therein find it a strong tower, yea, an impregnable fortress, where the enemy cannot hurt, though he may roar and greatly disquiet. * * *

“And now, having relieved my mind a little towards *one*, I feel a renewed salutation to you, my endeared friends, who were collectively the objects of our visit; a visit to which love was the moving cause and the consoling attendant of our minds while with you, and which I believe we all now feel to be the cement of a union not to be broken or impaired by external

separation. In the extension of this pure principle my mind is often drawn towards you, in fervent, affectionate solicitude that the good work mercifully begun may abundantly prosper, and He who has been the Alpha become the glorious Omega, perfecting the new creation, and fulfilling His gracious purpose by making you a people to his praise. * * * *

“Oh! how my spirit longs for the safe advancement of the beloved youth among you. May the enriching showers of celestial rain descend to preserve and nourish them, and may the further advanced, those in the meridian and decline of life, wait in humble resignation to know their spirits renewedly seasoned with the salt of the kingdom; that this may produce its salutary effects, enabling to minister grace, suitable example and precept, to the younger.

“Finally, beloved friends, farewell in the Lord! may He ‘be sanctified in them who come nigh’ him, and the gracious purpose of His will be effected, by preparing

for Himself 'a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing.' In the fresh feeling of undiminished love, I am your cordial friend,

MARY DUDLEY."

CHAPTER V.

FURTHER RELIGIOUS ENGAGEMENTS—VISITS DUNKIRK AND GUERNSEY, AND PARTS OF ENGLAND, SCOTLAND AND IRELAND—LETTER TO A STRANGER, AND HIS REPLY—ADDRESS TO THE FRENCH PRISONERS OF WAR AT KINSALE—VISITS ULSTER AND CONNAUGHT.

THE Testimony of Southwark Monthly Meeting concerning our friend Mary Dudley, after reference to the foregoing journey, remarks: "For the succeeding twenty years, when ability of body permitted, she was much occupied in traveling, having within that period visited all the meetings, and a large proportion of the families of Friends in Ireland, Scotland and Wales, many of the counties in England, and some parts of the continent not included in her former journey; besides which she was engaged in most places in holding meetings with those of other denominations." A brief notice of some of these visits, with

extracts from her letters and memorandums, will be given in this and the two succeeding chapters.

The trial to her affectionate feelings, and the conflicts she endured, when duty called her to leave her husband and children, are somewhat described in the following extracts:

“Many are my fears and doubtings, before willingness is wrought in me to leave such endeared connections; and many my tossings and conflicts in seasons of separation: but may I, with increasing devotedness, trust in the Arm of never-failing help. Through unmerited mercy the Lord has not only given a degree of resignation to leave all, when the call has been clearly distinguished, but sustained under various laborious exercises, so that the promise is indeed fulfilled, ‘as thy days so shall thy strength be;’ and there is cause to trust with the whole heart, for future direction and support.”

“Thy sympathy in my present important prospect is truly consoling, and thy

encouragement to follow apprehended duty is strengthening. Ah! my progress has indeed been slow, and my experience comparatively small; but how much has it cost my nature, yea, almost its destruction, to be in the degree I am loosened from my precious domestic ties. When a gracious Master demands the sacrifice of obedience, what struggles do I renewedly feel to give up all! At this moment I am even ready to question whether that faith, to which all things are possible, will be victorious; or rather, that the small grain will so increase as to give the victory."

Towards the close of the year 1790, she had a long and suffering illness, as well as considerable anxiety through indisposition in her family, her eight children having the whooping-cough at the same time; and the death of her beloved friend and companion, Sarah R. Grubb, in the twelfth month, was a heavy and unexpected affliction, which for a season sunk her very low. But in the spring of 1791, she believed it required of her again to leave her own

habitation, and pay a religious visit to Friends of Ulster.

During the following year she visited Friends in Dunkirk, Guernsey, and some parts of Scotland and the north of England, holding meetings also with those not in profession with our Society. Our limits will admit of only a brief sketch of this extensive journey, with occasional selections from M. Dudley's interesting journal of this visit.

Eighth month, 10th, 1792.—"We arrived at High-Wycombe just as Friends were going to a meeting held at seven in the evening on that day of the week. It was a solid time, the number attending not large. Here I met with my old companion, Adey Bellamy, who took me to his house, and, with his wife, a valuable religious woman, lodged and entertained us most kindly."

"*12th.*—We attended Westminster Meeting [London], which was to my feelings a low season, though Edward Hatton [one of her companions] was well concerned in

testimony. The afternoon meeting was wholly silent; but I thought inward travail was got to, which it is a favor to be willing to abide under, even a state where the seed can be profitably visited and interceded for—believing that in this situation, groans which cannot be uttered reach the sacred ear.”

They crossed the Strait of Dover on the 15th, and reached the harbor of Dunkirk in the evening. She says: “The gates of the town being shut when we got into the harbor, we were obliged to remain on board all night.”

“First-day, the 19th.—Our meeting this morning was attended by a few others besides Friends, and through the extension of divine regard, proved solemn; holy help being afforded to visit the different states of the people to some relief, and I trust, profit. In the evening, at our lodging, a memorable season crowned this day; so that it was indeed measurably known, that through continued mercy, ‘the out-

goings of the morning and the evening rejoice.’”

After sitting with the few families of Friends residing here, and holding an appointed meeting with the inhabitants of the place, they left Dunkirk, and returned by way of Calais to Dover, and thence to London, arriving there on the evening of the 27th.

“On Third-day, the 28th, attended Devonshire-house meeting, where we met our dear friends Martha Routh and Christiana Hustler. This proved a truly baptizing season, and out of the mouth of several witnesses words were established to the comfort of some of us.”

Proceeding to Southampton, they sailed for Guernsey, where they landed on the evening of the 31st, and “met a kind reception from Nicholas and Mary Naftel.” They remained on the island until the 8th of Ninth month, during which time they attended several meetings and visited a number of Friends and others. She particularly mentions visiting Peter la Lecheur,

“who was a member of the Church of England, but embraced the principles of Friends, from conviction, on reading some of their writings. He resides alone in a retired situation, about a mile in the country, has a garden, and with what it produces, &c., is worth about £14 per year. He considers himself rich with this, and teaches gratuitously a number of poor children to write. Soon after our entering his cottage, a precious covering spread over us, under which prayer was offered for future preservation, and humble acquiescence with the will of our divine Master. This was a season of renewed strength to my mind, which has been much tossed and tried lately.”

Returning to England, they held a meeting on the Isle of Portland, which proved a “solemn, favored season.” Thence they went again to London, and on the 17th, left that city and proceeded at once to the north of England.

They visited Ackworth School on the 24th, where they had the family collected,

and had a favored meeting. She says: "This one season was worth a long journey, and the feeling of sweet peace while under the roof, was accepted as a precious pledge to our minds of the Lord's gracious regard towards this extraordinary institution, which is surely stamped with holy approbation, and will, I doubt not, be a blessing to future generations."

They arrived at York on the 25th, where they remained several days, attending meetings to good satisfaction. "We paid a very interesting visit," she says, "to our valuable friends Lindley and Hannah Murray. He is in a debilitated state of health, having been for a long time unable to walk or stand upright, except at a few intervals. At present his speech is so affected that he only whispers; yet he looks well, and has a countenance that would cheer one, indicating where he dwells, and what consolation is the source of his support. He cannot now attend meetings, but rejoices to see his friends, as they well may to see him, for indeed it felt

to me that the Son of Peace was there, and had sanctified those dispensations which would otherwise be hard to bear."

After attending the Quarterly Meeting at Kendal, they were at meetings at Windermere, Penrith and Carlisle, and hence proceeded, on the 14th of Tenth month, to Sykeside, "where," she writes, "there is a little settlement of Friends." "Next day, the 15th, had notice given of a meeting to be held at two o'clock in the afternoon, to which the greater number who belong to it came, though very busy about their harvest. Several, not in profession with us, also attended. It was a solemn season, and I hope some were graciously recompensed for their dedication, by the gentle descendings of heavenly love, which hath sweetly gathered several of this little and comparatively poor flock into the fold, where He who is their holy leader and feeder, keeps them in a state of humble dependence upon Himself. There was far more liberty for the gospel to be preached here, than in many other places: for although the cares

of this life have, if the snare be not guarded against, a tendency to choke the good seed, I am ready to think the glories of the present world have settled many in so high and exalted a situation, that with such, as on the mountains of Gilboa, there is less of an opening into the fields of offering, than among those who, not finding a great deal of enjoyment in visible things, feel in want of *rest* for their souls; and being weary and heavy laden, are of the number to whom the gracious invitation of the Saviour extends. The countenances of some of these simple ones cheered my heart, which is indeed often sad; and I was glad we had the opportunity of beholding and feeling with them. A fine old man, a minister, belonging to that meeting, accompanied us on Third-day morning, and we reached Hawick, in Scotland, the following evening.

“Our road led through a beautiful country and a diversity of pleasing scenes: sometimes between lofty hills or mountains, with the river Teviot winding through

the fruitful valleys; at other times in view of finely cultivated plantations, and substantial seats of the affluent inhabitants, with the comfortable though more humble dwellings of the laborious farmers, whose various toil might instruct an attentive mind, that there is no time for idleness, if the ground of the heart require as much cultivation and care as are apparently needful in the outward soil."

In Scotland they attended meetings at Kelso, Roxburgh, Edinburgh and Dalkeith, some of them appointed meetings, to which those not members were invited. They also sat with a few individuals at Glasgow and Perth. They spent nearly two weeks at Edinburgh, which proved "a place of peculiarly laborious exercise, and one wherein the necessity of obeying the sacred injunction to 'watch' was renewedly and deeply impressed, under the feeling that, although good seed may be sown in the field of the heart, yet while men sleep the enemy industriously improves the unguarded season, and sows his tares, endea-

voring to defeat the Lord's gracious design, and prevent intended produce."

At Perth, she remarks: "Having for some time past been sensible of somewhat like a cloud intercepting the remaining meetings of Friends in this nation, from my view, and now a ray of light shining on the way towards Port Patrick, I believed it safest to follow this." They accordingly proceeded to this place, and thence crossed over into Ireland.

They attended the Quarterly Meeting at Lurgan, also other meetings at that place and at Ballinderry, Lisburn, &c.; and proceeding southward, Mary Dudley reached Dublin on the 8th of Twelfth month, "where," says her daughter Elizabeth, "she met her husband, and returning with him to their own habitation, obtained the rest and care which her exhausted frame was greatly in need of. She traveled, in this engagement, about two thousand miles by land, and crossed the sea six times."

Elizabeth Dudley adds: "Soon after getting home, my dear mother was cheered

by having the society of her highly esteemed friend, Samuel Emlen, under her own roof, who, in the course of a religious visit to Ireland, was at Clonmel about the end of the year 1792. In the Second or Third month following, she also met with this beloved friend in Cork, whither she felt her mind attracted; and they were mutually comforted by the opportunity of uniting together in the attendance of meetings, and visiting some of the families of Friends in that city."

In 1793, she visited Friends and others in parts of Wales and Lancashire, and in the following year was similarly engaged in Leinster Province, particularly in the County of Wexford. During this latter visit, she addressed the following letter to a person who had attracted her notice after a public meeting at Ross:

"DEAR FRIEND:—

"Strange as it may appear for one who has no acquaintance with thee, to address thee in this manner, I feel persuaded that

it will not be altogether unacceptable to thee, when I tell thee it proceeds from an apprehension that it may conduce to my peace; and seems pointed out as the best means to throw off some of the feelings which have attended my mind when thou hast been presented to my view. It was, I conceive, the drawing cords of gospel love that influenced my heart to pay the present visit to these parts; and, not satisfied with coming to see how my brethren fared, I have been sensible, since entering into the field of labor therein, of the extension of the Heavenly Father's love to His family universally: and have been engaged, with my beloved companion, to appoint meetings of a more general kind than such as are usually held when our Society is the only object. It was one of this nature at which thou, with many others, wast present on this day week at Ross. I knew not, by information or otherwise, who, or of what description, any then assembled were; but I did at that season believe that there were present one, or more, in whom

the deeply important query had been raised, 'What is Truth?' And for such, a travail was excited in my heart, that they might patiently wait for, and be indisputably favored with, such an answer from Him who can administer it, as might fully settle and establish them in the way of righteousness and peace. In the class already described, I heard, after meeting, thy name; and passing by thee on Second-day morning, on the quay, I was so sensible of the extendings of gospel love towards thee, that I thought I should have liked just to tell thee so much, and admonish to faithfulness to the monitions of pure truth inwardly revealed.

"I have this evening been so sensible of the renewing of this, I trust, rightly inspired solicitude, that while nature covets rest after a day of toil, I am seeking refreshment to my spirit in thus saluting thee. And believing it to be of the utmost consequence that we should singly attend to, and obediently follow, the light which maketh manifest, it is in my heart to say

unto thee, dear friend, Stand open to its unerring discoveries, and believe in its infallible teachings: for as this disposition prevails in us, we shall be instructed in all things appertaining to life and salvation. Yea, if no inferior medium conveyed anything fully satisfactory, or sufficient to obviate the difficulties presenting to our view, I am persuaded, from a degree of certain experience, that in this school of inward attention, greater proficiency may be made in true and saving knowledge, than will be the case in a far longer space, whilst our views are outward; as by ever so great exertion of the mental powers, things viewed in the light and eye of reason only, may be decided in a very erroneous manner.

• “Man, however enabled to write or speak on the most important points, can only help to convince the judgment and inform the understanding; but the divine principle, wherewith we are mercifully favored, operates in a far more powerful manner: it not only speaks in us the intelligible language of conviction, but, whilst it discovers

the reality, puts us in possession of it, and conveys such soul-satisfying virtue, that it allays the thirst for every inferior stream. Here, that water being partaken of, which Christ the indwelling fountain administers, we go not thither to draw—namely, to that spot whence we derived *something*, but not fully adequate to the desire or thirst excited; because we feel that whosoever drinketh of this unmixed spring, it is ‘in him a well of water, springing up into everlasting life.’

“Now, dear friend, what my mind feels deeply solicitous for is, that this may be thy favored experience: that the substantial part of true religion may be richly inherited by thee; that being a witness of the inward and spiritual baptism, as the door of initiation into the Church, the mystical body of Christ, thou mayest become thereby a partaker, at the spiritual table, of the soul-sustaining ‘bread of life,’ and be nourished with the wine of the heavenly kingdom—comprehending the communion of saints, and being, through the power of

Truth, sanctified throughout, body, soul and spirit, mayest participate everlastingly of the treasures of the Lord's house. So desireth the heart of thy truly well-wishing friend,

MARY DUDLEY."

To this letter she received an interesting reply, from which the following is extracted :

"RESPECTED FRIEND :—

"For so I must call you—your very unexpected and highly welcome letter was delivered to me last Saturday evening. Just before I received it, my mind was engaged on divine subjects, and on some particulars relative to which your letter seemed as a message from heaven. As such, indeed, I received it, and have been greatly affected by it; and from the altar of my heart I return praise and thanksgiving to that adorable Being who has, in numerous instances, shown His kind, providential care of my poor soul. And you, my much

esteemed friend in the gospel, as an ambassador of Christ, and a messenger of the Lord to me for good, I salute with my heartfelt and grateful acknowledgments.

“Through your ministry I received of the baptizing power of Christ; it quickened my soul, it reached, melted, and tendered my heart, and refreshed me as with the dew of Heaven. Those feelings we cannot bring upon ourselves; it is the Lord only, either by Himself immediately, or His agent or agents sent with power from on high, that can effect such things.

“The earnest solicitude raised in you to write to me, the refreshment and comfort I received from your letter, my state pointed out in your sermon, the effect it had on my dear children and myself, all declare unto me the finger of the Lord in this matter, and that you have come unto us ‘in the fullness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ.’ May we keep close to that light which maketh all things manifest, until it shine more and more unto the brightness and clearness of the perfect day,

and so living in the light, we shall have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ will cleanse us from all sin. All the blessed merits of His death, and all the life-giving influences of his Spirit, are to be had by being joined to this light, and walking in it. 'In Him was life, and the life was the light of men.'

"Whatever others may do, as for me, my dear wife and children, may we serve the Lord with our whole hearts, and be engrafted into the true vine. To hear of our progress in true religion will, I am very certain, be highly pleasing to you.

"And now, my respected friend, I commend you to God and to the word of His grace! go on in the baptizing power of the Lord. May we, every one of us, hold out unto the end, and be saved, that so in the day when the Lord shall make up His jewels, we may unitedly partake of the boundless ocean of everlasting glory and bliss. These are the fervent desires of

"Your much obliged and sincere well-wisher."

About the close of the year 1794, M. D. was closely engaged, both among Friends and others, visiting families in Youghal, and holding nine or ten public meetings, most of these in places where none of our Society resided, and where the principles we profess were but little known. Of this description was Kinsale; and a number of French prisoners being confined there, she felt her mind brought under concern on their account, and in consequence wrote the following letter, which, being translated into their language, was, soon after her return home, conveyed to them.

AN ADDRESS TO THE FRENCH PRISONERS AT
KINSALE.

“The love of the gospel having lately engaged me to pay a religious visit to Kinsale, where, by the sorrowful effects of that spirit which causeth wars in the earth, you have been cast into prison, I found my mind drawn towards you, my dear brethren.

“Your situation claims the sympathy

and attention of those who, as they feel the influence of divine love, are enabled to administer spiritual encouragement to others. Your present circumstances are extremely affecting; you are detained from your friends and your native land, amongst strangers, and exposed to many difficulties.

“Yet when we consider the kindness of that good Providence, without whose sacred permission not a hair of our head falleth to the ground; when we recollect that He is omnipresent, watching continually over His creature man in every situation in life, there is surely encouragement for each of us to trust in Him, as a very present help in every time of need, as well as a refuge and strength in the day of trouble.

“My dear brethren, you may find Him in the prison as readily as if you were at liberty. He is with the poor as well as with the rich; for His abode is with the children of men. His temple is the human heart, and it is therein that the only altar is placed, on which acceptable sacrifice is offered to Him. No outward obstruction

need hinder us from finding Him an unfailing helper; and as we turn the attention of our minds immediately to Him, He proves Himself all-sufficient for us. Oh! how do I wish that every one of you may happily experience this to be the case.

“A few years since, I paid a religious visit to some parts of France, and I have comfort in believing that there are many in that country who are in search of that which alone is permanently good: and being convinced that all the teachings and doctrines of men fall short of procuring it for them, they have inquired, as some formerly did, of the Messiah, ‘Where dwellest thou?’ May all such wait for and accept the gracious answer, ‘Come and see.’

“Be assured, dear prisoners, that as this invitation is followed, it will lead into liberty and enlargement from that state of thralldom wherein the human mind is bound with oppressive chains. By submitting to the Lord’s call, we are converted from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God. He causes us to feel that it is

sin and corruption which separates us from Him; and if we faithfully attend to the guidance of His Holy Spirit, we come to experience the bonds thereof to be broken in us, and know an introduction into the glorious liberty of His children.

“Here is a privilege attainable, even in your outward prison, where you may sing to the Lord a new song, because he doth marvellous things in and for you. The great enemy uses every means to hinder this work, and to chain the mind in the dungeon of transgression, and plunge it deeper into sin and sorrow. He tempts the unwary, especially in situations like yours, to seek a temporary relief in things which divert from inward reflection. The tossed mind flies to one false refuge after another, which does not afford the rest it seeks; but leads gradually into a captivity that is at length lamentably confirmed, and the enemy gets full possession of the fortress of the heart: whereas, had there been attention given to the Captain of the soul’s salvation, and obedience yielded to His com-

mands, the subtle adversary would have been repelled in all his attacks, and prevented from obtaining the dominion.

“Ah! my friends, I want you to be enlisted under the glorious banner of Christ Jesus. I want you to be well disciplined in the use of those weapons which ‘are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds; casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ.’

“Under the impressions of divine love, a current of which I feel to flow towards you, I invite you to Him who reveals Himself in the secret of the heart—to His light, by which alone you can discover the need you have of Him, as the Saviour and Redeemer of your souls. * * * * *

“The divine life in Adam was lost by transgression, and his posterity brought under the dominion of an evil seed, or enemy, from which we all have need of redemption, as well as he had: ‘For, as in

Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive,'—all who, through faith in His holy power, experience the blessed effects of His coming, by suffering Him to accomplish in their minds the great work of transformation. His name was called JESUS, because He should save His people *from* their sins, not *in* them; so that, notwithstanding all that Christ Jesus has done and suffered for us, and that His love is offered to us universally, we really know him not as a Saviour and Redeemer, but in proportion as we are saved by Him from that evil which leads into transgression. As we submit to the operation of that power which effects the one spiritual baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire, the floor of the heart is thoroughly cleansed, and our lives and conversation become such as bring glory to Him who created man for this very purpose. * * *

“May the peaceable spirit of Christ Jesus and His pure government increase and spread, and the day hasten when, all being gathered to His holy standard, ‘nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither

shall they learn war any more.' Oh! let none of us obstruct this gracious design, by hardening our hearts against Him; but let us submit to His holy government, that we may experience an end put to sin, and righteousness established in the place thereof. Thus we shall individually know that Christ Jesus is indeed come, not only as a Saviour universally, but as a Saviour and Redeemer, in *our* hearts; and that He is executing His powerful office there, in order that He may proclaim everlasting victory over death, hell and the grave.

"I am, in the love and sympathy of the gospel, your friend,

MARY DUDLEY."

The following are a few extracts from her journal during a religious visit to the Provinces of Ulster and Connaught, in the year 1795.

Second month, 28th, Seventh-day.—"The Quarterly Meeting held at Moyallen commenced by that for Ministers and Elders being held. The meetings on First-day

were largely attended, as were those for discipline on Second, and the concluding meeting on Third-day; but through all, sadness was the covering of my spirit, and I do not remember any season when more exercising labor fell to my lot: but being mercifully relieved, though not refreshed, I was thankful in renewedly experiencing the Arm of holy help fully equal to support. Even close doctrine is, with the people, preferable to silence; the communion with their own hearts is closer work. Therefore preaching, preaching is still desired; but this is vain, and will ever be so, if Christ be not raised."

"Several Friends kindly accompanied us, on Fifth-day afternoon, from Berna, whence we traveled over some very hilly road and through snow, seventy miles to Sligo, which we reached on Seventh-day evening. First-day abode there, at a good, quiet inn; and as a practice I have felt best satisfied with when not near a meeting-house, our little band had a season of retirement, which through favor proved

refreshing. Finding a removal hence clouded, and the attraction to a meeting with the inhabitants increase, our men Friends went to make inquiry respecting a place. From different causes, none could be procured that evening; nine o'clock next morning was therefore concluded on, and the Presbyterian minister readily gave the use of his meeting-house. A large number of solid people attended, who seemed disposed to receive the doctrines of Truth. Indeed, I trust some bowed under its precious influence.

“The labor in this meeting was of a truly arduous kind, having to encounter that spirit which would limit Divine Grace, and destroy the free agency of man. The Lord was, however, mercifully near, bringing to remembrance much that is written in opposition to this dangerous doctrine, and confirming to the universal agency of the Spirit of Truth. * * * This principle offereth salvation to all, and really bringeth it to every mind which is obedient to the heavenly vision, as Paul was, who, by

his own declaration, did not confer with flesh and blood, clearly implying that he *could* have done so.

“Near the close of the meeting the gospel seemed to flow freely to some seeking souls, in the inviting language of our blessed Saviour—‘If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink;’ and in receiving the books which were afterwards distributed, many evinced their desire to know more of what this overflowing fountain is, and where to be found. Several clergymen and dissenting ministers were present, and a very sensible Presbyterian, or seceder, came to our inn, and invited us to his house. He dined with us, and we had some free conversation, wherein, I trust, no injury was done to the precious cause we are endeavoring to promote. He told us that he took no money for preaching. Several others called to see us, manifesting cordial regard, and inviting us to their houses; indeed, I have scarcely seen the like in these nations: it reminded me of the disposition evinced in some foreign

parts, where the ground was measurably prepared for the seed, and but few rightly qualified to sow it. Oh! that for such the great Husbandman may arise in His own power and do the work. * * * I think it was nine o'clock when the last application for books was made. My very soul cleaved to some of the inhabitants of Sligo, and the remembrance of having been there is precious."

Attending some meetings in the neighborhood of Mount Mellick she remarks: "The number belonging to our Society is small, but among these some feeling was evident, and good near, to stir up the pure mind even in such as had too much rested in the *name*, without striving to experience the nature of vital Christianity."

Mary Dudley returned to her home in Clonmel on the 13th of Fourth month, peaceful in mind, but with diminished strength of body.

She had for some time had a hard cough with evident symptoms of pulmonary disease, and her strength becoming

now much reduced, and other means failing to afford relief, she left home in the Eighth month of this year, for the Bristol Hot-wells, accompanied by her husband and two eldest daughters. She remained six weeks at this place, and afterwards spent some time in Bristol and its neighborhood, attending meetings, and enjoying the society of some old and intimate friends. Her native air and the waters of the Wells proved beneficial, and she returned to Ireland, near the end of the year, so far restored in health as to give hopes of ultimate recovery.

Early in 1796 she visited the families of Friends in Waterford and Ross, and also performed some religious services in those places of a more public nature. The latter part of this year "was signalized," says her daughter, "by some very afflictive circumstances, under which her body and mind were at times brought very low; yet being supported by Him who had long proved her refuge and strength, she was enabled instructively to manifest that those

who trust in the Lord are not confounded, but in the permitted, as well as appointed trials of their day, find His grace sufficient for them, and the spirit of humble resignation equal to counteract the effects of human weakness."

CHAPTER VI.

ILLNESS AND TEMPORARY RESIDENCE AT BRISTOL—DEATH
OF HER HUSBAND, SON AND DAUGHTER—REMOVAL TO
LONDON.

MARY DUDLEY attended the Yearly Meeting in London in 1797, and on her way homeward spent a little time with her friends in Bristol. Towards the close of that year she united with David Sands, from America, in some religious service in the city and county of Cork.

In the spring of 1798, the pulmonary affection under which she had at different times suffered, became increasingly serious; and her cough, with other alarming symptoms, brought her so low, as to cause much apprehension in the minds of her family and friends, and induce her medical attendants again to recommend a sea-voyage and short residence at Bristol Hotwells. It was with peculiar reluctance she

yielded to this advice, as the awfully disturbed state of Ireland precluded her affectionate husband from accompanying her; but in this trial of faith and patience she was mercifully supported, under the belief that it was her duty to use every reasonable means for the restoration of her health. She was in so weak a state on leaving home, that some friends who assisted her on board the packet, expressed it as their opinion that she was leaving Ireland never to return. Such, however, was not the will of Him who had repeatedly brought her up as from the gates of death and graciously designed again to qualify her for His service.

As before, the air and waters proved salutary, but her amendment was so slow and so frequently interrupted by renewed attacks of indisposition, that but little hope was entertained of permanent improvement. She was not able to attend meetings until near the end of the year, about which time she writes as follows:

“I have gone three times to the Fryers

meeting-house; it tried my frame sensibly, but afresh convinced me who was, and continues to be strength in weakness, having been assisted beyond what I could have looked for; so that, although I scarcely expect an establishment in even usual health will ever be my experience, I have latterly conceived that my continuance in time might be lengthened out, and feel desirous that every portion of strength entrusted may be occupied with, according to the will of the gracious Giver."

As her health improved, she found her mind drawn to visit some of the families of Friends at Bristol and attend meetings in several of the neighboring counties; and having received the concurrence of her Monthly Meeting, she performed the service as ability of body permitted, holding above thirty public meetings, among which were three at Bath, and one in the Town-hall, at Wells. At the latter place, she had been accustomed to enjoy much worldly pleasure in early life, and was

still remembered by some of the more respectable inhabitants. Many of these manifested an affectionate recollection and esteem for her character, when thus among them as a minister of the gospel; several about her own age acknowledging that there was more solid satisfaction in the path she had wisely chosen than could ever result from self-gratification, though the pursuit of this still occupied and was allowed to engross their minds.

During her stay at Bristol, she visited three men who were under sentence of death in Newgate, and continuing much exercised on their account, wrote the following letter, which was conveyed to them a few days before their execution, and appeared to be both seasonable and comforting. One of the men requested a religious person who attended them to the last, to express his sense of the kindness, and tell the Friend who had manifested such concern for them, that her words were fulfilled in his experience, for his prison had indeed become as a palace, and

in the immediate prospect of death he would not change situations with the king on his throne.

“MY DEAR BRETHREN—

“For so I can call you, in that love and deep solicitude which allows no distinction of names to religion,—I feel with and for you in the flowings of gospel love, and under this influence could spend hours with you in your solitary and awful situation: but I fear your even beholding the persons of any, unless those who are of necessity about you, lest your minds should be drawn to anything inferior to the great object which you ought every moment to have in view. I therefore adopt this method of beseeching you to endeavor to draw near to the Spring of living help, which is mercifully with and in you, as an infallible means of opening to you, not only all your wants, but the glorious remedy provided for their supply. This, my friends, is ‘Christ in you,’ the promised Reprover for transgression, and Comforter of the con-

trite penitent soul which leans upon Him. Oh! let your attention be inward and deep, your eye singly turned to His all-convincing, saving light. He is the good Samaritan, the searcher and binder up of those wounds that sin has made, and can by His own power so apply the oil and the wine, as to restore the distressed, mournful traveler to soundness and peace. Oh! that this may be your individual experience: then will your prison be as a palace, and your dismissal out of this world a door of entrance into a state of liberty and endless rest. Let nothing divert your minds from the essential, necessary state of inward retirement, and waiting upon the Lord; and may He who can only preach spiritual deliverance to the captive, graciously do His own work, even cleanse from sin, finish transgression, and make you, by His redeeming, sanctifying power, meet for His pure and holy kingdom! Thus, in a manner not to be fully described, prays your concerned and deeply sympathizing friend,

MARY DUDLEY."

"Bristol, Fourth month, 29th, 1799."

In alluding to the disturbed state of public affairs, she writes as follows:

“Truly the signs of the times are awful, and every thing enforces, with emphatic language, the necessity of dwelling near or within that impregnable fortress, where these things cannot move us from the calming, consoling persuasion of Divine sufficiency. May our minds be mercifully stayed in holy quiet, while ‘the potsherds strive with the potsherds of the earth.’ Often does my spirit long that we, as a people, may gather more and more into this precious habitation, out of that spirit which produces tumult, or mingles with it; and thus exalt the pure, peaceable principle, which, through all, I cannot but steadily believe is making its own way, even gloriously in many minds, and will spread in the earth, until ‘men beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks.’ ”

She returned with her family to Ireland, early in the year 1800, and was soon after engaged in visiting the families of her own Monthly Meeting.

The following extract is from an interesting letter written to a friend in the Eighth month, 1800, respecting some speculative opinions which had about that time spread their evil contagion among some of our Society in that land:

“My spirit will, if happily preserved, ever commemorate that mercy which restrained from those speculative researches to which my nature strongly inclined, and which, as a temptation likely to prevail in my first desires for certainty, closely beset me. Many a labyrinth might I have been involved in, in many a maze enveloped, had the various voices which are in the world (the religious world) been, in conjunction with these besetments, attended to. Were it needful, I could tell thee much of the danger to which my best life has been exposed; but the standard at first erected being held steady in my view by Divine power, even (I speak it with humble gratitude) *I will know nothing but Jesus Christ, and Him crucified*, proved a barrier to those wanderings in speculative opinions,

which, I believe, to me and to many mercifully enlightened minds, would have been the means of obstruction to a progress in the way of redemption, and introduced into that circuitous path where the peaceful termination is not beheld.

“Why should we seek to explore, or reconcile to our understandings, the work or plan of redemption, formed and carried into effect by Divine, unerring wisdom and love? Can our *creation*, in the first instance, or since, be fathomed by all the finite powers of man? And shall a more (I was going to say) stupendous work, that of *redemption*, be arraigned, approved or rejected by these powers; and the constituent parts of the wondrous edifice so shaken, that the whole is in danger of being leveled? Oh! that every attempt of this kind may be mercifully defeated.

“Wherein does our spiritual life consist? Is debate, speculation and reasoning the nourishment of the immortal part? Is it matured by food so inferior to its nature? Rather will it gradually weaken

and come to decay, if not replenished from a source equal to its origin—the pure milk of the eternal Word. Mayest thou, my beloved friend, partake hereof and be sweetly satisfied!”

During the remaining years of the life of this dedicated servant, she was frequently absent from home on the service of her Divine Master; but the plan of this Abridgment does not admit of giving even a brief notice of many of her religious engagements.

While on a visit to Waterford in 1804, she writes: “The meeting this day was exercising but solemn; several who attended yesterday were there. A late fashionable, but now thoughtfully concerned person, and her daughter like minded, who are rich in this world, were at both meetings, and called at my lodgings after. For those who may be termed ‘other sheep,’ I feel deeply, and am sensible of life being raised by the addition of such panting souls to our assemblies: these, whether of us, or under whatever name,

will be cared for, they will be led to rivers of refreshing water, and nourished up unto everlasting life."

In the spring of 1805, soon after returning home from a visit of about six weeks to Friends and others in some parts of Leinster and Munster, she became indisposed with an affection of the lungs, and was wholly confined for several months, during which time she was brought very low, both in body and mind. Several afflictive circumstances in her family and the circle of her friends, combined to mark the remainder of this year, and nearly the whole of the following, as a period of peculiar trial. For many months her own habitation presented a scene of sickness and sorrow, she and her daughter Hannah being ill at the same time, and confined in separate chambers, unable to see each other, and for awhile with but little prospect of either being restored.

In the Fifth month, 1807, in the course of a religious visit in Leinster and Munster, accompanied by her friend Jane Ja-

cob, she held an appointed meeting one evening, at Roseuallis, in a barn which "had been nicely fitted up" for the purpose. She says: "It was nearly filled, principally with those of the laboring classes, while some few of a different description were present; and though it is not remembered by any Friends here that a meeting has been held in this place before, yet the manner of the people sitting was like those who were well acquainted with silent waiting. Their minds felt in such a prepared state, that it was no wonder a gracious provider should see meet to afford something for their refreshment, which I trust was the case; and the labor was attended with a hope that it would not be all in vain. The manner of their withdrawing from the meeting was solemn, and I heard no word spoken, nor saw any one even whispering: a good lesson for *us*, after solid meetings, to keep in the quiet and digest what hath been given."

In the fall of 1807, her beloved husband, the only son who was at home, and her

eldest daughter, were attacked at almost the same time with symptoms of fever. This last, and another who subsequently caught the disease, were pretty soon restored; but to the two former it pleased Divine Providence to make this illness the means of translation to another state of being.

Mary Dudley was wonderfully supported during the long season of anxiety and fatigue which fell to her lot; her bodily and mental powers seeming to be renewed day by day, as she watched the declining strength, and ministered to the wants of her affectionate and tenderly beloved husband. He survived his son three weeks, and was favored to make a peaceful close on the 14th of Twelfth month, in the seventy-fifth year of his age.—Although his bodily sufferings were at times great, yet he was preserved in remarkable patience, and enabled to contemplate his departure from the world with resignation and composure; whilst he frequently testified that his faith and

hope were founded on the mercy and merits of his Redeemer. He derived much comfort from the Holy Scriptures, and the twelfth chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews afforded him such peculiar encouragement, that during the last few days of his life he repeatedly desired it might be read to him, dwelling in an especial manner upon the following verses: "But ye are come unto Mount Sion and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first born, which are written in heaven, and to God the judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel." This gracious declaration he was favored to feel so applied to his own soul, that death was disarmed of its sting; and he several times said that, through the rich mercy of God in Christ Jesus, the king of terrors was not such to him.

Elizabeth Dudley adds: "The fruits of Christian faith and resignation were instructively manifested under this afflictive bereavement, for while the loss was deeply wounding to her affectionate feelings, and after a union of thirty years, my beloved mother found herself, '*a widow indeed, and desolate,*' she was mercifully enabled to trust in God, and so to supplicate for His saving help, that instead of sinking into gloomy sorrow, she was qualified to comfort her children, and set them an animating example of humble acquiescence with the Divine will and diligent attention to the performance of social and religious duties."

The affectionate feeling and sympathy which subsisted between this deeply concerned parent and her family were very observable; and as one among many similar evidences of this that might be adduced, we append the following extract from a letter addressed to her, while absent from home, by her daughter Charlotte, then in her twenty-second year. This daughter

had for some time been struggling against the secret convictions of duty, and had not yet so far yielded up her own will to that of her Divine Master as to be willing to follow him in the way of the cross.*

“CLONMEL, Seventh month, 1809.

“May every happiness be a stranger to my breast when I cease to be fully sensible to the inestimable value of the blessing I yet enjoy in my remaining parent. Ah, my mother, how unworthy of thy tender solicitude, thy unwearied attention, thy fond affection, is the daughter thou too tenderly cherishest! * * * The secret prayer of my heart is, to become every day more worthy of His divine protection, and of my mother's love. * * * Do, my precious mother, take every care of thy invaluable health, and guard thy peace of mind from unnecessary interruption. Remember, my parent, it is to thee we look for support through the most important

* See the brief memoir of Charlotte Dudley near the close of this volume.

periods of life. The happiest existence of thy children is interwoven with thy being. If they see thee still walking in the path of duty, religiously observing the secret instructions of the Spirit of Truth, unreservedly resigned to the will of Him who is perfect in wisdom, and submitting all things to His government, thy children may yet become (however unlikely it may be judged) instruments of good in the hands of their God."

Mary Dudley had for several years believed that her measure of gospel labor in Ireland was nearly filled up, and her husband uniting in the desire of a removal to England, they had for a considerable time contemplated this change, and were arranging for its accomplishment, when he was attacked with the disease which terminated in his death. This event tended to confirm her feelings; and the sense of release from that part of the vineyard was accompanied by a belief that she would be called to labor in some parts of her native country, and

that the place of her future abode ought to be within the limits of the Quarterly Meeting of London and Middlesex.

Before the preparations for so important a removal were completed, it pleased Infinite Wisdom again to diminish the family circle, and keenly to try the tender feelings of this affectionate mother by taking from her, after a painful illness of nine weeks, her beloved daughter Hannah, then in her twenty-sixth year. Under this sore trial, the bereaved parent was favored to find adequate support and consolation in Him who had been her stay and refuge in many seasons of proving and affliction. To this she was strengthened to testify at the grave of her precious child, near the spot where, a little more than two years before, the mortal remains of her husband and son had been laid. Hannah Dudley deceased on the 19th of Third month, 1810.*

The attendance of the Quarterly Meeting at Waterford, in the Tenth month of this

* Some account of Hannah Dudley will be found at the conclusion of this Memoir.

year, was her concluding service in Ireland, where she had resided thirty-three years, and left a great number of dear and valuable friends. The separation from these was sensibly felt on both sides; but the bond of Christian union which had been experienced with some, was such as neither time nor distance could destroy.

She arrived in London with her family in the Eleventh month, 1810, and took up her abode within the compass of Southwark Monthly Meeting, to which she was soon after recommended by certificate.

CHAPTER VII.

LETTER TO FRIENDS IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE—OBSERVATIONS AND LAST JOURNEYS.

IN the Sixth month, 1813, Stephen Grellet was in London, in the prosecution of his religious labors, and was about to cross over into France, where he expected to visit for the second time the little flock in Congenies and its neighborhood, known by the name of Friends. By him Mary Dudley wrote the following letter:

“CAMBERWELL, England, 6th mo., 18th, 1813.

“TO LOUIS MAJOLIER AND OTHER FRIENDS OF THE MEETINGS IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE, VISITED IN 1788:

“I may truly say, that although so many years have passed over, and various have been your and my conflicts, beloved friends, many waters have not quenched love; but that this sweetly banding influence, being from time to time renewed, hath made, and still keeps you, as epistles written in my

heart: and while there has been no communication with the tongue or pen, desires, yea, fervent prayers, have often ascended, that the God of all grace might preserve, strengthen and settle you in the faith of His unchangeable and glorious gospel. This remains the power of God unto salvation, to all who happily obey it, though patience, as well as faith, may be closely and painfully proved.

“Trials were part of the legacy which our dear Lord and Master Jesus Christ bequeathed to His humble followers: ‘In the world ye shall have tribulation.’ But, ah! my beloved brethren and sisters, in Him, the light, life and power, is the treasure of peace, the pearl of great price. In possessing Him as the way, the truth and the life in the soul, all is rightly estimated,—every sublunary good, or what may be termed evil or afflictive, is kept in its proper subordinate place, and, through all and in all, He is the one source of solid hope, the spring of all our help. May you grow, then, my dear brethren and sisters, in the root

of life ; and may this lie so deep and spread so widely, that the branches may be lively and the fruit abundant, to the Lord's praise !

“I sit up in bed, where illness has kept me some days, just to tell those in that dear nation, whom I have seen and so long loved, that they are truly dear to my heart, as were those who have gone from your little church to that of the first-born in heaven. This feeble but sincere salutation is designed to be handed you by a brother dearly beloved, and your countryman, Stephen Grellet, whose heart the Lord has so enlarged, as to make him willing at this time of trial to visit you, and such others as he may be turned towards in the pure disinterested love of the gospel. You will doubtless receive him with gladness ; and may you be mutually refreshed and comforted, if it be the will of Him who is thus remembering His flock and family, scattered up and down on the habitable earth. These the Lord is graciously regarding, not only by calling His devoted messengers to

run to and fro, and declare His counsel in the ability received, but causing many to know Him by blessed experience, as the everlasting Shepherd, ready to lead beside the still waters, and in the green pastures of spiritual life.

“Such will not want, as they humbly and resignedly follow Him in the paths of righteousness; but through His abundant mercy, when walking through the valley of the shadow of death, be preserved from the fear of evil, and feel His rod and staff to support to, and at, the end of all danger, conflict and pain. This is the rich inheritance, my dear brethren and sisters, which I pray we may each of us diligently seek and happily obtain: then in due season we shall meet where parting can be no more, and unite in the one song of harmonious praise through eternal duration!

“I feel the extension of Christian love to the various classes among you, and with all my heart say, Farewell in the Lord!

“Your poor, feeble, but affectionate sister,
MARY DUDLEY.”

A few extracts from Mary Dudley's letters and memoranda of various dates, may be suitably introduced in this place.

In the autumn of 1812, she remarks: "If we only had a little more faith, what a blessed soaring would there be above the troubles of time: how would the spirit rise into the treasures of eternity, the rich 'inheritance, incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.' To receive a little renewed capacity to cast a look here, is a great favor; but though it is good, when in the divine will, to be thus helped, the descendings must also be borne; and perhaps we are never so fitted to arise as when we have afresh partaken of a state, where, as at 'the bottoms of the mountains, earth with her bars' has been about us, and the head wrapped as with weeds."

In the year 1814, while prevented by illness from attending her Quarterly Meeting, she wrote as follows:

"It appears clear to my best feelings, that if those gathered, and such as are in right ordering personally absent, were

first to feel after the renewings of inward strength, bringing their spirits into a state of humble waiting, resignation would be their peaceful covering as individuals, and in proportion to the degree of spiritual life attained to, concern would be felt that the assemblies might be crowned by the presence of the King Immortal; or, if he proved a God hiding himself, that His devoted children might continue the acceptable exercise of faith and patience, until he was pleased to command 'light to shine out of obscurity, and their darkness to be as the noon-day.' * * * *

"I have viewed mentally an assembly such as our Quarterly Meeting collected under the solemn profession of being spiritual worshippers, sitting in outward silence before the Lord, and apparently waiting only upon Him. Oh, the awfulness where-with I have often beheld these meetings, while my eye has affected my heart, and the language forcibly arisen, Let us *be* as we *appear*, let us gather to the source of unfailing help; fully believing that if all

were properly engaged in feeling their wants, and the only way of having them supplied, the united breathing would ascend as pure incense, and the lifting up of the heart be an acceptable sacrifice.

“The Lord is powerfully at work in the earth, operating through various means to effect his unsearchable purposes. Oh! that the respective ranks in a society holding in profession the standard of Truth, the sufficiency of divine light, the necessity of redeeming, sanctifying grace, may not only see but duly consider their hope and holy calling. * * * Had the Lord’s messengers ‘the tongue of the learned,’ or could they utter with angelic power the sensations they may, at times, be favored with, all would fall short in describing the beauty of Zion, the safety of her inhabitants, and those transcendent pleasures which are at God’s right hand.”

In the same year, after she got out to meetings, and was again engaged in active service, she wrote the succeeding observations :

“ Wonderful have been the dealings of unerring Wisdom, marvelously hath the Lord preserved, sustained, and even consoled me, in and through innumerable conflicts of body and mind, and under inexpressibly proving privations. Yea, He hath, to my humbling admiration, made the clouds His chariots, and the sorest afflictions ministers of His will; having, in some small proportion to multiplied advantages in the line of suffering, effected submission, and, I reverently trust, produced increasing desire to love and serve Him. Yet is my sole reliance placed upon his abundant goodness: here I depend for the gracious acceptance of any feeble effort to promote His ever-worthy cause, and for forgiveness of all omissions and commissions against the pure revealed will of my Divine Master.

“ ‘Unprofitable servant’ is a language I can unequivocally adopt, and, if I could sound through the whole earth what is my heartfelt belief, it would be in unison with the apostolic declaration, ‘Not by works

of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us, by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost.' Mercy, mercy, is the sum and substance of my hope. The unmerited mercy of God in Christ Jesus, for the remission of sins, and perfecting the work of preparation for admittance into eternal settlement.

"It is now between forty and fifty years since this ever to be extolled mercy called me from darkness into light, in a spiritual sense, and the Lord was pleased to open the doctrines of the gospel with clearness to my view. I trust I am safe in saying, that since that time I have not dared to call in question the ways of his working, nor to doubt the appointed means of salvation, as revealed when my awakened soul in deep prostration understood the language, and uttered it, 'A Saviour, or I die, a Redeemer, or I perish.'

"Here conviction and repentance were known to be produced by the efficacious working of the promised gift, and nothing

was left to depend upon but the purchased redemption, through the great sacrifice *without*, and the sanctifying influence *within*. What God hath thus joined together, none can, without derogating from His power and wisdom, put asunder.

“I wish to leave the expression of my unshaken faith in the stupendous plan of divine love, as manifested in the incarnation, sufferings, crucifixion, and resurrection of the ever-blessed Redeemer; His all-sufficient atonement for the guilt of sin, and continued intercession for poor fallen man; until, in the gradual process of regeneration, the dominion over all evil is happily effected, and the great design in man’s formation mercifully accomplished, by his experience of full redemption, through the operation of the pure and purifying Spirit of Christ.

“As this influence is submitted to, there is a progressive advancement in the divine life, from the state of childhood to that of maturity, and a growing capacity to comprehend ‘the deep things of God.’ These

are internally revealed through communion with Him, the spring and source of all good, when the mind is abstracted from every inferior feeling or consolation, and knows the various streams of comfort to be, as it were, swallowed up and lost in the ocean of ineffable love.

“Surely the Christian believer is invited to experience redemption, not only from the pollution of sin, the love of the world and its spirit, the false ways and worship of man’s ordaining, but from all mixture of creaturely choice, wisdom, or willing. And the heart which unreservedly yields to the refining process, does witness redemption from self-seeking, so as not to be moved by the praise or censure of men, but in humble resignation uniformly breathes the acceptable language, ‘Thy will be done.’”

Near the close of the year 1817, whilst confined to the house by sickness, she penned the following:

“When I contemplate the years of deeply trying probation through which I have been sustained, the bereavements dis-

pensed, the anguish experienced—whilst links most tenderly binding to the natural part, and in some instances sweetly cementing to the best feelings, have been severed—what waves have rolled, and billows followed in succession, I may well query where had a stay and support been found but in Him, who under the early visitation of His love was graciously pleased to seal the sacred promise, ‘I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.’ To the Lord’s adorable mercy be it ascribed that He has *not left*, or I had uttered the reprehensible language, ‘What doest thou?’ under His dealings with me, a poor, feeble and naturally erring creature, disposed to ‘cleave unto the dust,’ and centre in the gifts of divine love.

“The hand of inexplicable wisdom has been laid, in the line of judgment, upon the very closest ties, so that nearly through my pilgrimage thus far, that which clung the nearest has been called for, or crucified, by death passing upon even apparently allowable possessions. The life has been

so shaken in desirable things, that 'I am consumed by the blow of thy hand,' has been a language well understood in the line of my experience.

"Oh, the depth of that repugnance to the heart cleansing work of religion which is hid in the human mind. In *mine* how has it impeded a growing fitness to join in the consecrated anthem of redeemed spirits, 'Thy will be done.' I reverently acknowledge my unshaken belief in the loss which mankind has sustained by the fall, and the need of a Mediator to reconcile a degenerate world to a pure and holy Being.

"I dare not hope for acceptance on any inferior ground than that opened by Him who is the 'way, the truth, and the life.' My foundation for that hope which, through abundant mercy, is at seasons felt to enter within the veil, rests on the great propitiatory sacrifice *for* sin, and the operation of His divine spirit as a deliverer *from* sin.

"Here, with all my short-comings, my errings, strayings, commissions and omis-

sions, a God in Christ can be humbly confided in, for continued support through the remaining steps of the wilderness journey, and sustaining goodness at the end. This end may be yet more distant than my weak sight has a view of, the pins having been allowed to hold the feeble structure far longer than could have been expected; and the Lord only knows the need there yet is for trials and afflictions, in order that the work of preparation may be happily effected."

In the year 1820, Mary Dudley felt inclined to attend the General Meeting at Ackworth, and informed her Monthly Meeting that she believed it her duty to stand resigned to such religious service as she might feel required of her while in Yorkshire, as also on the way in going and returning.

This engagement occupied about four months, during which time she traveled upwards of nine hundred miles, and was diligently employed in such service as from

day to day opened to her view; being, notwithstanding the sensible increase of bodily infirmities, enabled to perform the labor assigned her, both among Friends and others. She attended two Quarterly, six Monthly, and above sixty particular meetings, and also held twenty-six meetings appointed for those of other religious professions. Her daughter Elizabeth accompanied her on this journey, as well as in most of her religious services during the last few years of her life. In a review of this engagement, M. Dudley wrote as follows:

“‘Hitherto hath the Lord helped,’ may well be deeply inscribed on my heart, and acknowledged with my pen, in retrospect of innumerable, unmerited mercies, preservations and deliverances through a long journey, and on many accounts one of the most exercising of my life. I have to commemorate the goodness which veiled the prospect, as to its nature and extent, and left us to depend on the fresh arisings of light to guide from day to day, and from place to place.

“After attending the General Meeting at Ackworth, where there was reason to believe we were in our right place, the field of labor enlarged before us, amongst those of our own profession, and many of various names and sects in that extensive county; while, to the praise of Infinite Wisdom and love, a precious evidence was often felt, that the Shepherd of Israel is sweetly gathering, by His all-powerful arm, many who are not, and never may be, by outward designation, of the same name with us. * * * * * *

“Oh! how did my soul lament within our camp, the want of that holy discipline which, if submitted to, would prepare to be accoutred for service in the Lord’s hand and amongst the people; and the lack of righteous zeal, of spiritual discernment, of heavenly skill in savoring the things that be of God, while those that be of man merely can be nicely discriminated and understood. * * * * *

“An endeavor to reconcile the world and religion seems the hinderance of a multi-

tude; the strong assertion of our blessed Redeemer being too much overlooked, 'Ye cannot serve God and mammon.' * * * Various are the possessions wherein there is a resting; many have their good things in this life. Oh! that the abundance might be passed through, and temporal blessings not centered in, so as to cloud the view of the things that are eternal.

"I often think that inherited or obtained treasures have blinded the spiritual eye of many who are descended from those sons of the morning, as it respects our little community, to whom great things would have been burdensome: and earnest are my desires that worldly prosperity may not be allowed to settle in a state of dangerous ease, lest the language formerly uttered in the Lord's name should be applicable—'They that depart from me shall be written in the earth.'"

In prospect of religious service within the limits of her own Quarterly Meeting, in 1821, she writes:

"The longer I sojourn on earth, the

more I see the value and safety of endeavoring daily to learn this one lesson: Leave all, attend to *present* duty, and in humility cast every care for the future on Him who careth for, and will provide for, those who love and serve Him in time and through eternity."

Once, upon retiring to bed in a very exhausted state, after an evening meeting in the city, she said with much tenderness of spirit—"I long to be joined to the general assembly and church of the first-born; yet such is the love and concern I feel for the souls of the people, that my life seems of little consequence, and I could be satisfied to drop while declaring the mercy of God in Christ Jesus to a fallen race." On another occasion of the same kind, she observed: "What a favor to have a good bed; but what a still greater mercy to have 'a good hope through grace,' that after a few more fleeting days, there will be a settlement in unmingled, everlasting rest. I am so weaned from anxiety that I seem to have

nothing in the world to think of. There is, however, one thing which weighs heavily on my mind, and that is the prosperity of the blessed cause of truth and righteousness. To promote this in any way, I could be willing to live a little longer, and the separation from all of you who are so dear to me will be keenly felt when it comes to the point."

After a meeting had been appointed at Dulwich, she wrote as follows:

"I feel this an awful occasion, for such prospects are become almost too heavy through infirmities abounding, and bodily ability sensibly decaying; yet I trust I may humbly adopt the resigned language,

'My life, while Thou preserve my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be.'

Oh, that I may be enabled, through the continuance of sustaining faith, to add the subsequent expressions,

'And death, when death shall be my doom,
Shall join my soul to thee.' "

In the Twelfth month, 1822, she informed her friends of a fresh prospect of religious duty, and obtained a certificate for visiting the families belonging to Devonshire-house Meeting, as well as some more public service, as strength might be afforded. On one occasion, when closely expostulating with some for whom deep religious concern had been felt, she said with peculiar emphasis, "Bear with me, my friends, I have not long to speak."

Thus with alacrity and even cheerfulness, did this aged servant of the Lord prosecute the closing labors of her day, repeatedly observing that although sometimes weary *in* her work, she could honestly say she was not weary *of* it, but felt the service of her Lord and Master to constitute her meat and drink in a spiritual sense.

CHAPTER VIII.

ILLNESS AND DEATH.

IN the Fourth month, 1823, Mary Dudley was affected with symptoms of a heavy cold; an illness which continued about five months, and which, on the 24th of Ninth month, terminated her life of dedication and usefulness. The account of her illness and death, as given by her daughter Elizabeth, is so interesting and instructive that, omitting a few passages for the sake of brevity, we copy it in her own words, with occasional slight verbal alterations.

Sixth-day, the 25th of Fourth month.—After taking with a relish something which had been prepared for her, she said with great sweetness, “How good is our gracious Provider in thus supplying us with all we want; yet how apt are we to

pass by Him, regale ourselves with His gifts, and forget the giver." During that and the following day she was frequently employed in a strain of heavenly rejoicing, and once observed: "How little idea we can form of what will open upon the spirit when the incumbrance of mortality is laid down. I have not a wish to go, if I could proclaim to one more soul the rich mercy of God in Christ; but if it be the will of the Lord to take me, I hope, my dear children, you will be resigned, and preserved from all evil; and may the Lord preserve your goings out and your comings in from that day forth and for evermore."

At another time, "I have nothing to depend on, not a shred of my own, no good works to tell of, only mercy; that which visited me in the morning of the day, has supported me through life, and will support me in death; unmerited, unbounded, and I trust, unchangeable mercy! I have loved the cause of my Redeemer: it was to draw to Him, to attract and fix the attention of the mind on Him alone, that

I have been willing, *made* willing to proclaim His goodness."

Seventh-day, the 26th, was one of much bodily suffering; in the evening she said: "The Lord bless thee, my precious child, for thy care of me. We have been together in heights and depths, in poverty, and sometimes in the riches of the gospel. * * * 'Thy will be done,' is the highest anthem ever sung on earth or in heaven; that will of God which is our sanctification, and, when fully yielded to, operates in its own regulating and redeeming power, raising out of the fall; and restoring to all that was lost—this I am sure of, to all that was lost—the second Adam, the Lord's new creation in the quickened and believing soul. My heart is full, but the poor body must have rest. I trust thou wilt be supported; try for a little rest; this is granted to poor human nature as well as to the mind." On awakening from an uneasy slumber, she exclaimed, "Excellent, excellent," and being asked what was so excellent, she

replied with energy, "The support of religion is most excellent."

Third-day morning, the 29th.—My precious mother desired that the twelfth chapter of the Hebrews might be read to her, and whilst hearing it, seemed as if deriving peculiar comfort from that blessed record of divine doctrine and instruction, observing "It was part of that chapter which engaged my attention at the last meeting in which I bore testimony in London." Upon the last verse but one being read, "Let us have grace whereby we may serve God acceptably with reverence and godly fear," she audibly pronounced "Amen, amen, amen."

Fifth-day, 1st of Fifth month.—She said: "I seem to have nothing to do but with the present moment; no looking back with pain or uneasiness, but in grateful remembrance of that mercy whereon I trust there was a building long ago. Oh! not to doubt the foundation is a great mercy; warn them, tell all, there is no other way but resigning up all, the management of ship

and cargo, to the true, unerring pilot. * * * Every feeling and desire of my heart seems comprehended in the language, 'Thy will be done.' Only I fear that through long continued suffering I may not exemplify that which I have declared to others, the sufficiency of divine power. May patience have her perfect work, whether any glimpse of the unspeakable glory be afforded or not. Oh, if this be known, it must be glory to God in the highest, through Him who came to procure peace on earth. The language of the redeemed through all eternity will be, 'Not unto us, not unto us, but unto Thy name be the praise.' I sometimes feel as if I could fly even to distant lands to proclaim the gospel of life and salvation: 'the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea.' "

In the night of the 4th of Fifth month, my dear mother's mind appeared to be deeply exercised on some doctrinal subjects, and she said with great energy, "For a man to have his Bible in his hand

and read, 'As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his way, and live,' and then venture to say that any soul is created for destruction! * * * I have not so learned Christ. It is dangerous, dangerous. I am a believer in the election of grace, the covenant and seed of life, but not in the possibility of any state where the petition, 'Lord save me,' will not be necessary; nor, that any human being is excluded from the offer of divine mercy."

Once, on taking leave for the night, she sweetly said, "The Lord direct our hearts into the love of God, and into the patient waiting for Christ—then all will be well."

Thankfulness for favors received seemed the continual clothing of her spirit; and instead of dwelling upon her complaints, or recurring to the numerous afflictions which had marked her pilgrimage through time, she spoke of the blessings afforded her as abundantly beyond her deserts, saying, "What mercies I am a partaker of, and how poor and unworthy I feel! no-

thing to tell of, nothing to trust to, but mercy, mercy, mercy,—that which was early extended, that which has ever sustained! Wonderfully was preserving grace afforded in the morning of my day, guarding from evil, and keeping from many snares. It may well be said, ‘I girded thee when thou didst not know me;’ and since my heart has been surrendered to Divine government and guidance, the promise has been graciously verified, ‘I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.’ Oh, this rock!”

The 7th of the Fifth month was a day of considerable suffering from cough, &c., and the appearance of exhaustion was very painful. On obtaining relief from a distressing symptom, she desired the Psalm might be read to her which begins, “Unto thee, Oh God, do we give thanks, for that Thy name is near, Thy wondrous works declare.”

First-day, 12th.—While Friends were at meeting, my beloved mother requested her daughters to sit still awhile in her chamber; and, after a time of solemn silence, uttered

the following supplication: "Wherever gathered, Holy Lord God Almighty! whether in this little meeting, in larger congregations, or under whatever name assembled, bless those who wait upon and worship Thee. Let Thy word have free course, and be glorified to the increase of the dear Redeemer's kingdom, and the advancement of the great, the glorious and universal work spoken of by Thy prophet, when, from the north and from the south, from the east and from the west, Thy suppliants shall be brought. Bring them, gracious Lord, near unto Thyself. Bring us, as a family; bless my children, I pray Thee, Thy poor unworthy creature, yet one who, through Thy mercy, has trusted in Thee, and been desirous of Thy glory."

Her voice was remarkably strengthened for this exertion; and she afterwards observed, "What a mercy, to be favored with a little fresh feeling! Without the *fresh* feeling, what is all expression, what is anything?"

In the afternoon she addressed her kind

physician in a manner which evinced strong interest and Christian solicitude on his behalf, offering gospel counsel and encouragement, and enforcing the necessity of constant watchfulness and prayer.

The approach of the Yearly Meeting was watched with lively interest by my dear parent; and, when it began, her mind seemed clothed with the same Christian solicitude as if she were personally mingling with her friends. This was in degree manifested by an address to the Meeting of of Ministers and Elders, which she dictated in her sick chamber, but signed with her own hand.

In the early part of the Sixth month, she so far revived as to bear being taken from her chamber to a sitting-room, where, reclined on a sofa, she frequently saw her friends, and enjoyed that social and religious intercourse for which her mind and disposition were so peculiarly adapted.

During the following month, my precious mother was so far recovered as to ride out several times, and we began to

entertain hopes of a partial restoration, fondly anticipating the probability of enjoying her valued society, even though the days of active service might be over. She was much engaged in encouraging to faithfulness, often saying to those who visited her, as well as to her attendants, "Mind that the day's work keeps pace with the day;" and in exhorting her fellow ministers, she strongly expressed the necessity of being completely devoted to the sacred calling, and not shunning to declare the whole counsel of God.

Once, upon some allusion being made to her diligent occupation of the time and talents with which she was entrusted, she sweetly, and in great tenderness of spirit, replied: "Feebly and unworthily as they have been used, I trust it was with a single view to the help of others, and the glory of the dear Redeemer; and if he forgives all the mixture, all that has been of the creature, and mercifully receives me into rest and peace—whether he affords those bright prospects, which, in the beginning

of this illness, and often since, have been vouchsafed or not—oh! may I never doubt or cast away my confidence. I trust that He who hath loved with an everlasting love, will continue to uphold me, notwithstanding all the weakness of the flesh and the temptations of the cruel enemy. Oh! this enemy, he never quits his hold of poor human nature, while he can assail it. Where is it said that the Saviour condescended to be tempted?" The passage, fourth of Hebrew and fifteenth verse, was then repeated, to which she assented, as conveying comfort to her soul.

Afterwards, when under considerable suffering of body, she prayed for patience, and added, "Oh! if I should become impatient with the Divine Will, what reproach it would occasion. I feel poor and empty, and when lying awake, am not able to fix my thoughts upon what I desire and prefer; but little things present, and this tries me. David speaks of having songs in the night, but I sometimes say, these (mean-

ing intrusive thoughts) are not the Lord's songs."

Some Friends, for whose best welfare she had been long concerned, coming to take leave of her when about to go on a journey, she testified the continuance of her solicitude by imparting much Christian counsel. She enjoined the young people of the family to value the privileges of their education, and not be ashamed of the cross, even in what are termed little things; saying that she wished the standard of simplicity might never be lowered amongst us.

Early in the Eighth month, symptoms of increasing debility came on, and it was obvious that her constitution was gradually sinking. Of this she was fully aware, though from tenderness to those about her, she seldom spoke on the subject.

One night, when taking leave of a relation towards whom she had acted the part of a tender mother, she said: "Thou seest me, my dear, in a state of much poverty and weakness. Oh, that I may be favored

with a little more light before entering the dark valley!" She replied that she felt sweet peace on sitting beside her, and repeated the language of our Saviour, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven;" to which the beloved sufferer answered, "That is precious; I can be thankful for even the smallest crumb from a child of my Heavenly Father's. Preach 'Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling block, and unto the Greeks foolishness.' There is much of the Greek and Jewish spirit amongst us; but be not thou afraid to preach the cross of Christ, and to proclaim not only what He would do *within* us by *His Spirit*, but also what He hath done *without* us, the all-atoning *sacrifice* which should never be lost sight of."

The 1st of the Ninth month was a day of much bodily suffering, but one wherein the affectionate and religious feelings of my revered parent were peculiarly active. After writing a few lines indicating the unabated strength and tenderness of

her maternal feelings, she expressed a wish to speak a little to her daughters; and upon their all sitting beside her, said with much calmness, "It has been a low, cloudy time of late, but a little more light seemed to spring up this morning, and if this should be the last time I may bear testimony to the goodness of the Almighty, I can acknowledge with thankfulness that this has followed me all my life long; that the Lord's mercy and love have never failed me, since he took me out of the wilderness of the world; and before that time, He girded me and restrained me from evil. I have never doubted the universality, the freeness and fulness of Divine grace, and my faith is now unshaken. Oh, never limit this grace, proclaim it as that whereby all may be saved. I go trembling and dependent, hoping that my sins will be forgiven, for the sake of Him who loved us, and gave Himself for us. I have nothing of my own, not a rag (if I may use the expression of another friend) to clothe me with." She then gave some directions rela-

tive to the future, and afterwards remarked that she felt much relieved by what had passed.

Early in the morning of the 2d, she inquired, with a countenance indicating heavenly tranquillity, "Where is that sweet language, 'To be ever with the Lord'?" and she seemed comforted by having the fourth chapter of the First Epistle to the Thessalonians read to her.

Several times, when taking leave of her family for the night, she solemnly uttered this short petition: "Gracious Lord, prepare us for what is to come." And, when suffering from pain and the feeling of general irritation, she frequently petitioned—"Lord, enable us to trust that thou wilt never lay more on me than thou wilt give strength and patience to endure;" adding, "Pray that I may have patience."

On the 5th, conversing seriously respecting her situation, it was remarked, that her seeming ignorant as to the issue, still produced a degree of hope that the trial of separation was not yet at hand; to which

she quickly replied, "That this is my death-illness, I have not the least doubt, but the *time* may be wisely and mercifully concealed from me: the end may come in a moment; and if it be the Lord's will to save me from agonizing pain, and grant a quiet dismissal, what a favor it will be! Oh, to pass quietly away! I feel very poor, and have many infirmities, which I hoped might be less sensibly felt at this awful time. But I have this one testimony: I am nothing, Christ is all. My friends are dear to me,—there is nothing in my heart but love to all. God is love. He has supported me through many trials, and now enables me to rely on His free, full and unmerited mercy. Glory, glory, glory be to His name, now and for ever! The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord; and from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, His name is to be praised."

First-day, the 7th.—She seemed like one on the verge of the eternal world, and evidently thought herself going. The diffi-

culty of breathing, and occasional spasms on her chest, were very distressing to herself and to those around her. She several times said, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly: into thy hands I commit my spirit." Observing that she felt too weak even to hear the Scriptures read, she sweetly added: "But I can think of their *Author*." When parting for the night, she commended each of her children to Divine protection, imploring the heavenly blessing for them.

Contrary to expectation, she obtained some refreshing sleep, and became a little revived, saying, next morning, "I expected to be in another world by this time. Lord, enable me to wait in patience Thy appointed time."

The evening of the 9th, after hearing a chapter in the Bible, she spoke with an audible voice; "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations," going on correctly with the first four verses of the ninetieth Psalm; and then added: "'So teach us to number our days, that we may

apply our hearts unto wisdom.' Thus do for my children, gracious Lord; and, oh! afford me a renewed evidence of Thy goodness: for a day in Thy courts is better than a thousand." After a little pause, "How wonderfully He is supporting me! And though there may be such an impoverished state as to have no oblation, the Lord Almighty knows where the refuge is."

She once remarked, "There is too much religious reading and speaking among some serious persons: a little precious *quiet* and *fresh* feeling, how far beyond all! Do not depend on forms; seek to have the spirit of prayer raised in the heart, and then what is offered will be in the life, and meet with gracious acceptance."

On the evening of the 10th, she desired that the twelfth chapter of Hebrews might be read, and afterwards spoke at considerable length on the "privilege and blessing of the gospel, the importance of attending to the voice of Christ, as it is uttered in the secret of the heart, where He speaks against sin, and gradually prepares for being joined

to the just of all generations," adding, "He tasted death for every man, and the grace of God, which bringeth salvation, hath appeared unto *all* men;" repeating the whole text, and commenting upon it in a clear and instructive manner. She afterwards prayed with great earnestness for her family, concluding with these words: "Let all the dispensations of Thy wisdom be sanctified to their souls, and in Thy great mercy prepare each of us to be joined to the just of all generations, in ascribing to Thee everlasting praise. Amen."

First-day, the 14th.—When very weak and languid, she observed: "I cannot think or keep my attention fixed; but merciful Goodness forgives the infirmities of human nature. What would become of me now, if I wanted parsons, bread and wine, and to make confession of sins? What a mercy, to be delivered from all dependence on man, poor and weak, perhaps, as myself! What is man, whose breath is in his nostrils? Lord, receive me for Christ's sake, is my plea."

Being tried with restlessness, and the desire for frequent change of position, she sweetly remarked, "It is only the body; it does not get within,—all there is peaceful, quiet trust." In the evening she desired the family might collect for reading, saying, "We may not have another First-day;" and listened with close attention to the sixteenth chapter of John, responding to different expressions, with her usual quickness of feeling.

During the night she seemed as if richly enjoying the foretaste of perfect happiness and peace. Once after taking some refreshment, she said, "How good; all is sweet, sweet nurses; what mercies to be thankful for; there are no nurses like children. I have often thought lately whether the feeling of gratitude has ever been sufficiently prevalent in my heart; the sense of heavenly goodness and of my many blessings seems so to increase: I could have sung a song of praise this night."

In the morning she desired a few verses

in the Bible might be read, and being asked what part, said, "No matter, all is treasure," but in a minute or two added, "The Lord hear thee;" upon which the twentieth Psalm was read, by which she seemed comforted, saying at the conclusion, "Lord, we thank thee that thou *hast* heard."

After obtaining some refreshing sleep, she observed with emotion, "Often through Divine mercy something so sweet touches my soul, my good Master is I trust near me; all is well, all is right, the Lord has never forsaken me; God forbid I should distrust His mercy: though the enemy has thrust sore at me, I have remembered the language, 'Oh, thou enemy, destructions are come to a perpetual end,' What mercy, a perpetual end!"

A medical friend calling to see her, she manifested the continuance of Christian love and interest for him, by desiring the Lord might bless him in his undertakings; and added, "Keep near to Him, and may He keep thee near to Himself; that is the

way, my dear friend, keep near to God through that grace which bringeth salvation; farewell!"

On the morning of the 19th, a distressing spasm at her chest caused my beloved mother to feel as if dying, and the appearance to those around her was awfully affecting. When a little relieved, she spoke as follows: "Glory, glory, glory to Him that sitteth upon the throne and to the Lamb for ever; nothing in the way, all peaceful within: but ah, these struggles; Lord take me not away in anguish, grant a calm if it be Thy blessed will. Do not hold me, I can give you all up, I must go; do you yield me up every one of you? Ah! do not hold me." Being told that we were endeavoring to feel resignation, and desired not to hold her, she expressed satisfaction, and said, "Now then, leave me in the Lord's hands, make no efforts; Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." After a while she had some sweet sleep, and on awaking said, "How wonderful that I am here; I expected to wake in another

world. Lord why is it, why am I kept? but it is not for me to say, 'What doest thou?'"

Humility, as it regarded her own attainments and feelings, was strikingly conspicuous in my revered parent during her whole illness, and the manner in which this was evinced by one of such deep experience in the way and work of righteousness, offered very important instruction to those who had taken fewer steps in the Christian course.

During the remainder of this day she frequently expressed her surprise at being still in the body, saying, "I seemed just at the gate, to have almost entered it, and now to be here; what am I kept for?" After a short pause she added, "Give my love to all Friends; tell them to cast off the works of darkness whatever they are, and seek to be clothed with the whole armor of light, which is Christ within, the hope of glory. The world, the world gets in, and occupies the attention, and then

there is a settling down in form, without the power."

At night she said, "Lord, strengthen me to go through the remaining conflict. I thought the conflict would have ended this night; enable me to wait in patience; I am afraid I feel impatient, may I be forgiven if I do anything wrong."

First-day morning, 21st.—After a distressing night, and while tried with the feeling of restlessness, lifting up her hands and eyes, she fervently exclaimed, "Grant a moment's calm of body, if it be Thy blessed will!" Which petition being almost immediately answered, she solemnly, and with a clear voice, proceeded; "Praise, praise for this calm! Now, Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit. Bless my children, bless Thy own work. Receive my feeble, but, I trust, not unacceptable acknowledgments for Thy great goodness, while I have nothing to depend on, nothing to look to, but mercy, mercy, unchangeable mercy!" A while after, hearing her, in a low voice, mention the word "Rock," it was observed

that she felt sustained by the Rock of ages; to which she sweetly replied, "That's it. Oh, this Rock!" with some further allusion to the support she experienced, in words which were not distinctly heard.

The whole of this day might be termed a Sabbath indeed; for whilst every affectionate feeling was in painful exercise, under the certainty that the hour of separation was fast approaching, the power and presence of the Most High were signally vouchsafed; so that nature seemed hushed into stillness, and reverent submission to the will of Him who was thus condescending to make His strength perfect in weakness.

Early next morning, the fourteenth of John was read to her, to which she attended with her wonted quickness of perception. At the seventeenth verse she remarked: "There is the new covenant dispensation, 'He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.' 'I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh.' He tasted death for *every* man. Oh, never limit Divine mercy!" After a time of solemn

stillness, she said, with peculiar emphasis, "Grace has triumphed over nature's feelings. The Lord has fulfilled His promise. He has given the victory, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory and power, dominion, salvation and strength, now and for ever. Holy, holy, holy!"

Second-day, 22d.—While the family stood around her bed, and it appeared as if she was on the point of entering upon her eternal and much-desired rest, my beloved mother repeatedly asked, "Do you give me up,—who holds me?" She continued: "I proclaim, I am ready. Lord God Almighty, Thou hast done Thy part; praise and thanksgiving to Thy name for this day. I am ready and willing to go. Now, Lord, let thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word. Oh! save the world: turn the hearts of the irreligious; give them hearts of flesh."

A few hours after this, she was strengthened to speak in an extraordinary manner, to some of her children and her little granddaughter, adapting her language to the

capacity of the child, so as strikingly to evince the clearness of her recollection and unabated soundness of mind, when the powers of nature were all but exhausted. She mentioned feeling a good deal spent with this exertion, but much relieved in mind, and frequently remarked on the peace she enjoyed, sweetly saying, "I feel so peaceful!"

From this time it seemed as if my beloved mother was scarcely an inhabitant of this world, her language being generally that of adoration and praise, accompanied by the names and attributes of her God and Saviour. She was often evidently engaged in prayer, when only broken sentences could be gathered, and the names of her children were pronounced with affectionate epithets.

In the forenoon of Fourth-day, she began to slumber a good deal, and lay in an easy and composed state, which her attendants did not interrupt by asking her any questions. For some hours the coldness and hue of death were apparent, but her breath-

ing was so easy, that it seemed scarcely possible the change could be so near. The only evidence of approaching dissolution was a gentle sinking of the breath, which continued like that of a sleeping infant; until, without any perceptible intermission or the slightest struggle, it ceased, and the immortal and redeemed spirit ascended with joy to the mansions of never-ending rest and peace, about half-past eight o'clock on Fourth-day evening, the 24th of Ninth month, 1823—leaving its worn tenement with the appearance of perfect tranquillity, and a countenance which strikingly indicated holy settlement and permanent repose.

The repeated prayer of this ancient and honorable servant of the Lord was thus remarkably answered, by her last hours being exempt from any degree of bodily anguish, and exhibiting the calm solemnity she so highly valued. Under this feeling, and amidst the poignant sense of such a bereavement, nature was mercifully hushed into stillness; and while all her children

stood around her bed, a thankful assurance of the unspeakably glorious transition of one so justly beloved, overcame selfish sorrow, and tended to produce that resignation to the Divine will, wherein the strength and true consolation of the believer are known to consist. My dear mother was aged seventy-three years, three months and sixteen days.

On Fifth-day, the 2d of Tenth month, the precious remains were taken into a meeting appointed for the purpose at Southwark. It was largely attended by Friends and others, and signally favored with the covering of solemnity, both in the time of silence, and while many Friends were engaged in the line of gospel ministry.

The same extension of Divine regard was again evident, while a numerous assembly stood beside the grave at Bunhill Fields; and the last affecting duty of depositing the coffin in "the house appointed for all living," was succeeded by a silence peculiarly impressive, so that then,

as at the moment of dissolution, the tide of natural grief was restrained by Almighty power, while the contemplation of her life and death emphatically called upon survivors to follow her as she had followed Christ.*

* The reader will find the original Memoir of which this is an abridgment, in the XIVth volume of "FRIENDS' LIBRARY," commencing on page 278.

SOME ACCOUNT
OF
HANNAH DUDLEY;
MORE PARTICULARLY OF
HER LAST ILLNESS.

FROM A NARRATIVE PREPARED BY HER SISTER.

"BE YE ALSO READY."

SOME ACCOUNT OF HANNAH DUDLEY.

HANNAH DUDLEY, the third daughter of Robert and Mary Dudley, was born at Clonmel, in Ireland, Eighth month, 26th, 1784. Her disposition was amiable and tender, combined with a degree of reserve; so that, although naturally cheerful, she shrunk from observation, and was peculiarly diffident in her manner. She was seriously thoughtful, from a child; fond of reading the Holy Scriptures, and remarkable for the solidity of her demeanor in religious meetings, which she delighted to attend.

The favorable impressions thus early made upon her mind were in some measure counteracted by indulgence in self-gratification, and she took greater latitude in dress and reading than was consistent with her education, though not to an extent

that would generally be deemed reprehensible, nor by any means equal to what many young persons of our own Society indulge in.

In the twentieth year of her age she had a long and very suffering illness, during which it pleased the Lord so to renew the visitation of His love, as greatly to humble and contrite her spirit. In this state she saw the vanity and unsatisfying nature of worldly enjoyments, mourned over the time which she had spent unprofitably, and was brought under conviction for deviating, even in little things, from that simplicity which she then felt it would be right for her to practice, however it might be in the cross to her natural inclination. She was strengthened to enter into covenant with her Heavenly Father, by the sacrifice of her will and affections; and when raised from the bed of sickness, the fruits of humble dedication were obvious to others.

She continued subject to trying attacks of indisposition; but her patient endurance of pain, increasing watchfulness and stabi-

lity of conduct, with an evident weaning from worldly objects, proved that the great work of transformation was powerfully, though secretly, carried forward in her heart.

The blessed effects of a change from a state of nature to a state of grace, were strikingly manifested during the illness that terminated her life. An account of this season of protracted and severe bodily suffering—wherein the All-wise Disposer of events saw meet deeply to prove her patience and resignation—was prepared at the time by her sister Elizabeth, and was circulated in manuscript among the relatives and friends of the family. When the *Memoir of Mary Dudley* was published, this account of the last illness of her daughter Hannah was appended to that work, in compliance with a written request left by the mother. In copying it for this little volume, some variation has been made from the original, in a few places.

On the 15th of the First month, 1810,

my precious sister was attacked with violent pain in her face, to which she had been liable since a long illness five years before, so that we did not feel alarmed by it. Lying in bed that day, and using proper care, seemed to have the desired effect, and she was so much better the two following days, as to bear sitting up for a short time. On the 18th, the pain returned with much severity, and was attended by symptoms of fever, and inability to sleep, which she remarked was very trying. Towards noon her spirits became much affected, but after being relieved by weeping, she lay in a composed state, though still without sleeping, and said, "My poor dear Thomas seems continually before my eyes."*

At night she grew more easy, and fell into a sweet sleep, which lasted nearly five hours. On awaking, however, she felt no way refreshed, though tolerably free from

* A brother who had died in his twenty-first year, about two years before, and to whom she was tenderly attached.

pain; and expressed such great anxiety at my not going to bed, that to satisfy her I lay down for an hour or two.

The next evening she was sweetly collected, and we had some very interesting conversation. She observed, "How just is that line of Young's—'All men think all men mortal but *themselves*;' " and added, "How apt we are to forget that we are not to continue here. I have been thinking of the ninety-first Psalm, as applicable to our dear mother; does it not end with 'I will bless him with long life, and show him my salvation?'" She then asked me to read the whole of it, which I did, apparently to her comfort. When I came to the last verse, she cheerfully said, "That is not one of the blessings I desire," meaning long life. Her mother answering, "But, my love, thou hast no objection if such be the Divine will?" "Oh, no," she replied, "if it be the Lord's blessed will."

That night, while in great pain, she said she was afraid of being impatient, to which I replied that she had always been much

avored with patience when tried by illness. She sweetly answered, "The Lord has never laid more on me than he enabled me to bear; we should be poor creatures without His help." She then calmly said, "I think I shall not recover from this illness."—Being told that she had been worse in former attacks, she replied, "Yes I have, a great deal worse, and been restored, and I may now; but somehow I think I shall not, and if it be the will of the Almighty, I should rejoice, at least I hope I should. Is it in Romans that passage is, 'We are troubled on every side yet not distressed; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed; always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our body.' 'For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.'" Soon after this, mentioning a relation who had lately died, "Poor ———," she said, "had a bustling life; I trust she is at rest. Oh! if people

did but consider rightly, I often think how insignificant those things would appear which now make us anxious and uneasy.

‘ Ah ! what is life, that thoughtless wish of all ?
A drop of honey in a draught of gall.’ ”

I remarked that the next line was also striking :

“ A half existence or a waking dream.”

To which she earnestly assented, adding, “ It is in eternity we shall have our existence.” After a while she again spoke on the improbability of her recovery, and mentioned her absent brothers with much tenderness, desiring that when any one wrote, her love might be given them, adding, “ I think I shall never see them again, but I don’t know ; of course none of us can tell. But if not, we must be satisfied : His holy, blessed will be done.”

On my saying that I hoped such a sorrow as losing her did not await us, after all we had gone through, she cheerfully repeated, “ *Sorrow !*” I replied, “ That it will not be

sorrow to thee, my love, I can readily believe, but it will be a sore privation to us." She sweetly answered, alluding to the term *sorrow*, "I hope not; I trust in the mercy of a gracious Saviour, and rely on His merits only."

I think it was on First-day evening, that, being in great agony, she clasped her hands, as in the attitude of prayer, and exclaimed, "Oh, merciful Father! thou hast never laid more on me than thou enabled me to bear." Presently after she queried, "Where is that expression, 'The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble'?" Her mother repeated the verse, the first of the twentieth Psalm. "Yes," said she, "but there is something more." The whole passage was then repeated: "Send thee help from the sanctuary, and strengthen thee out of Zion. Grant thee according to thine own heart, and fulfil all thy counsel." "Yes, yes," said she, "that's it. Oh, merciful goodness!" On getting a little ease, she quickly told us she was better, being always anxious to say anything calculated to relieve our minds;

and sweetly added, "What a favor this is!"

Asking whether her mother was gone to bed, she said, "My poor care-worn mother, does she take nourishment? You should make her take as much as possible, now she has so much to bear." Her amiable, affectionate solicitude for those she loved, never seemed more acute; and she often expressed her fears of our being overdone by watching with her, frequently saying, "I am not worth half the trouble you have with me." Hearing some noise in the street, which we told her was owing to a ball being in the neighborhood, she remarked, "How giddy the world is, and how serious every thing appears to one who is not likely to recover." Then lying still awhile, she looked at me with inexpressible sweetness, and said, "Come, let us join with angels round the throne."

When she had been ill about a week, the doctor proposed our calling in further medical advice; but feeling very delicate

of alarming her, though convinced that she was fully aware of her own situation, we avoided speaking of it until the second physician was in the house. Her kind attendant then told her that he had brought his friend, Doctor ——, to see her, not because he thought her worse, but that it would be a satisfaction to him to have his own judgment confirmed. She calmly answered, "I have no objection; he may come in, though I have full confidence in thee: but I cannot answer many questions. Thou art trying to make me think I am not in a dangerous disorder; but I know I am, and you can do nothing for me. I do not depend on physicians: thou need not be afraid to tell me." When both the doctors had withdrawn, she inquired of me: "What do they say my complaint is?" I told her they called it inflammatory rheumatism. "Ah!" said she, "it is more than that;" and signified that she felt the disease very deeply seated. Her mother saying that she hoped the means used for her help

would prove effectual, she sweetly answered, "But, my dear mother, if the means are not effectual, I want thee not to be depressed. Thou art too good, too good to us all. I cannot say that I have an evidence that it will be so, but the impression that I shall not recover, remains." Her mother answering, that she had heretofore been wonderfully sustained and brought through severe sufferings, she replied, "The Lord is all goodness, all mercy, all mercy!"

She complied with every thing proposed for her benefit, though some very painful means were thought necessary. She usually suffered much from the application of blisters, and had an uncommon dread of them, so that when it was proposed to put a large one on her neck, where the pain was very severe, she objected, and seemed to think she could not bear it; yet after a few hours she called me to her, and said, "Thou had better put on that blister: if I grow worse, I shall blame myself for refusing it."

Complaining that she felt very heavily

loaded with illness, yet could hardly tell where her pain was, she said, in a solemn and impressive manner, "It is in seasons like this we find the necessity of exerting all the little religion we may be favored with : every other support fails me now."

The Scriptures appeared to be mostly the subject of her meditations, and the remembrance of them to contribute largely to her comfort. "What a treat it will be to me," she would say, "when I am able to hear thee read a chapter." At a time when her bodily affliction seemed enough to absorb every other feeling, she astonished me by querying, "Dost thou know who is the author of that observation respecting the sacred records, 'They have God for their author, salvation for their end, and Truth, without any mixture of error, for their matter'?"* How just," added she, "is the description!" At another time, she asked, "Is it the Apostle

* John Locke.

James who says, 'we walk by faith, not by sight'?"

She would frequently observe, "What trouble and care these bodies cost us;" "Oh! the encumbering flesh," &c.; and repeatedly, when undergoing violent pain, which it was often hard for those who loved her calmly to witness, she would say, in an animated and heavenly tone of voice, "What are these sufferings when compared with what the Saviour bore for us? 'The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed.'"

Whenever a little respite from pain was afforded she would mention it as a mercy, and say, "What a favor it was that she had not such or such suffering to struggle with;" or, "thank gracious Providence, *that* pain is lessened."

Want of sleep was one distressing feature of her complaint throughout; but she lay so still that we often thought her dozing, until she would break forth in some sweet observation, tending to mani-

fest how her mind had been occupied. On one of these occasions, she asked me if I remembered these four lines :

“ We’ve no abiding city here,
We seek a city out of sight ;
Zion its name—we’ll soon be there ;
It shines with everlasting light.”

The 5th of the Second month was a day of extreme suffering to my beloved sister, although when the physicians came they pronounced her not worse, which she listened to without remark ; but after passing a most distressing night, she said to me very composedly, “ Surely Dr. —— is too honest a man to tell you I am recovering ; I am not, nor do I believe I ever shall ; I have never lost the belief that I should not recover from this illness. I dreamt last night that I saw my precious father, and remembering that he was gone, I asked him if he was happy ? He answered me in the sweetest manner, by repeating that passage of Scripture which he used to speak of on his death-bed, relative to the

general assembly and church of the first-born, adding, 'Thou shalt be with me in a short time; only make thy peace with God, and He will admit thee into His holy presence.'" She wept much while relating this dream, and on my remarking that I trusted her peace was not then to make, she said, "If I only had an evidence, but I trust I shall at last." I reminded her of the manner in which she had been favored at the beginning of her illness, when she had said she could rejoice in the prospect of being taken away. "Yes," she replied, "and I hope I can rejoice; I trust in my Saviour; I have many sins, and I pray they may go beforehand to judgment."

She then mentioned that her nights were so trying as to make her dread their approach; "Yet," said she, "I enjoy sweet peace in the night. How do the doctors account for my passing such uneasy nights, and being unable to sleep? but," she continued, as if unconcerned about an answer, "It is an unspeakable favor, that even when I am racked with pain I feel such sweet

peace as more than compensates for all I suffer. Oh, what condescension of a gracious Saviour to a poor sinner! this bed is not like a bed of sickness: I feel holy joy."

In the afternoon, she felt rather better, the pain in her head being somewhat relieved. The doctor coming in, he queried whether the pain was more bearable; to which she sweetly answered, "It ought always to be bearable, but I think it is somewhat lessened."

Speaking to her mother of her illness, and its probable increase and termination, she said, "If I grow worse, my dear mother, do not get any other physicians." Her mother replying, that she knew her confidence was not in man, but in the Lord, "Ah," said she, "what poor creatures we should be, but for His help!" Her mother observing, "Thou canst say, with Job, that painful nights and wearisome days are appointed thee," "Yes," she returned, "I suffer much; but what are mine, when compared with the sufferings of many others:

and though my nights are trying, there are times when my Saviour is near me—I feel Him near me.” Her mother again repeating the first two verses of the twentieth Psalm, added, “My soul craves that this may be thy experience.” To which she solemnly answered, “My dear mother, the effectual, fervent prayer of the righteous availeth much; and if I have thy prayers, they will be such.” After the doctor had paid his visit at night, she said, “I pity that poor man, when standing by the bed: he is very affectionate, and wishes to help me, I believe; but it is out of his power, and I do not depend upon *them*. The opinion of any physician is not of the weight of a pin with me. I know the Lord is able to do all things: He can raise me up, if he pleases, and he can grant me patience, though I fear if it lasts much longer (meaning her illness), mine will be worn out.” Her mother saying, “Thou art favored with patience; it is renewed to thee.” “It *is* renewed,” she emphatically replied. On my begging her to try for rest, “Ah!

my dear," said she, in her own placid manner, "I believe there is not much rest for me on earth."

As the night advanced, her pain and restlessness increased, and on my querying where her uneasiness was, she replied, "My head is very bad, but it is a mercy my senses are preserved: I think I have had a sight of heaven." She then spoke of her death, and said, "Tell my dear brothers not to grieve like those who have no hope. I trust we shall meet in another and a better world. Take care of our precious mother."

Finding that this conversation affected my feelings, although natural emotion was generally suppressed in her chamber, she sweetly said, "Is it not our Saviour's language, 'Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me; but weep for yourselves and for your children'? Thou art doing too much, heaven bless thee for all thy kindness to me, but what should I do if thou wast sick." Then correcting what might seem like selfish consideration, she added,

“But it is more for thy own sake than mine I speak; do go to bed, perhaps I may get a little sleep.” This she often said with a view of allaying our solicitude; for notwithstanding any little temporary amendment from which those about her were at times willing to cherish hope, her opinion that she was in her death illness remained unshaken. The whole tenor of her conduct evinced, that she was patiently waiting her Lord’s time for an admittance into that mansion of rest which she confidently, though humbly, believed was prepared for her; and it was indeed an unspeakable favor considering the pain of body she endured, that she was spared those mental conflicts, which many experienced Christians have been tried with. Her prospect of a glorious fruition appeared to be unclouded.

Whenever any little change was proposed to promote her comfort, or she mentioned any thing that she wished done, she would usually speak of it somewhat in this way: “If it please Provi-

dence to spare my life, I hope to be moved into the other bed, to-morrow," &c. One night she inquired whether she was to take medicine, or have any thing done for her: I replied no, that she had nothing to do but to try for sleep. "Only," she returned with great sweetness, "To pray for patience."

At one time she suffered much from the use of a painful prescription, which seemed almost too much for her exhausted state, and she frequently exclaimed, "Mercy! mercy!" When somewhat relieved she called me to her, and said with much tenderness, "I was very unguarded awhile ago, I was impatient." I replied that we had not observed it, but thought she was much favored with patience. "I felt it," said she with emphasis, "I was unwatchful." Thus was the "swift witness" attended to by this happily instructed spirit, and no allowance made for emotions which perhaps few would deem culpable under such distress as was allotted her. Her nurse once mentioning how hard it was to

bear such agony, and that it would have been better never to have been born, "Oh do not speak so," said she with earnestness, "It is good for us to suffer."

Second month, 17th.—For some days past the increased illness of my precious sister rendered her unable to speak much, but the little she did utter, clearly evinced that the Lord still sustained her in holy confidence during this peculiarly trying season. Many times when a sentence could hardly be connected, the language of supplication was heard, and her patient acquiescence with the Divine will manifested in words like these, "Oh, Lord look down upon thy poor child; Heavenly Father! not my will but thine be done," &c.

18th.—Her weakness this morning seemed greater than at any time before, so that she was scarcely able to articulate; yet on being asked whether she had got any sleep, she answered, "Very disturbed sleep, but it was a sweet, peaceful night." Her bodily sufferings throughout the day were extreme, and she appeared to think herself

hastening to the close. Once on calling me to her she said, "Pray, pray, pray," and soon after, "This is an awful day; preparation for a final change." Her mother saying that she did believe her soul was anchored on the Rock of ages, and that the Lord was her Father and Helper, she said in an animated manner, "Come then, holy Father, preserve me; Oh, the encumbering flesh."

19th.—About five o'clock this morning, her sufferings of body were such as nearly to overcome her; and desiring I might be called to her, she described her sensations as peculiarly distressing. On finding that I was greatly afflicted at being unable to relieve her, the different means prescribed proving ineffectual, she affectionately held my hand, and said, with sweet composure, "Be content; whatever way I am taken, be content. The Lord is near me: He is near me, my God and Saviour!" Soon after, while under great conflict, she raised her eyes, and awfully exclaimed, "My blessed Redeemer!"

Her brother coming into the room, she spoke very tenderly to him, saying, that it was a mercy they were permitted to hear each other's voices again (for the room was necessarily kept so dark that he could not see her), and in strong terms expressed her love for him. After he left the chamber, she called me to her, and said, "It is surprising how my affections are loosened from every earthly object. I seem weaning from all of you; and, oh! that God may be all in all to all of us. Every tie seems fast loosening. If I am taken, this will be a mitigation of my sufferings; but perhaps when the time comes, it may feel harder." "I sometimes forget that I am on a sick-bed: the serenity I feel is so great, that at times I fear it is carnal security, and think it is presumptuous in so poor a worm to trust as I do. But, no! He cannot deceive me; none ever trusted in the Lord, and was confounded."

She often said she was not half thankful enough for the blessings she enjoyed—so superior to what many poor creatures, under

bodily suffering, are favored with. In the night, while her pains were very acute, she repeated the following lines of a favorite hymn :

“ Hide me, oh ! my Saviour, hide,
Till the storms of life be past ;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh ! receive my soul at last.”

“ Ah, that is it,” said she, “ if I be but safely landed !” In the intervals of pain she prayed in these words : “ Oh ! my God, help Thy creature who depends on Thee.” Turning to her mother, she said, “ When thou hast access, pray for me. I have often thought, my dear mother, that I could not bear to see thee go ; that I could not bear to stay behind thee : and now it looks as though I should be spared that trial.” At another time, when speaking to her mother respecting the nature of her disorder, she signified how unimportant it was by what name it might be called, adding, “ We must all have something to bring us to our end ;” and then, turning to the subject which ap-

peared to her the only one worthy of attention, she spoke of her strong confidence in the mercy of a Redeemer; and said that her hopes of salvation were grounded on that alone, observing, "Oh! my dear mother, what could works do for me now?" Her mother replied, "Nothing, my precious child; all we have to trust to is the mercy of God in Christ Jesus."

On the night of the 21st, she was affected with something of a spasm, which we were apprehensive might prove the last struggle; and she seemed herself to have a similar idea, for, clasping her hands and raising her eyes, she solemnly said, "Now, Lord, for an evidence!" and presently after, "Yes, yes; peace, peace, peace!" When a little recovered, she observed—alluding to the "Pilgrim's Progress," which she had read through a short time before her illness—"Poor Christian said, 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me;'" then, with a more cheerful voice, "Poor Feeble-

mind, too, got over the river, and so may I."

She lay, during the whole of the 22d, in a state of great suffering, being generally unable to say more than Yes or No; and even that effort sometimes produced distressing symptoms. About eleven o'clock at night, we were surprised by her reviving so as to call us all by name. Finding that only her mother and sisters were in the room, she asked for her brother, who quickly came in, and we all sat round the bed; when, to our admiration, she was strengthened to approach the throne of grace, in the language of solemn supplication, praying for us individually, and commending, in a strain of Christian confidence yet deep humility, all and each of her near connections to His protecting care, and then for herself—"Oh! gracious Lord and Saviour, look down upon Thy poor dying sinner; favor her with an evidence that she shall be received up into glory. But Thou hast already, my God and Saviour, nearly done so. Oh! accept

my humble thanks for Thy preserving care throughout my life, and for the last five weeks that Thou hast been near me and supported me. Thou hast answered my petitions. Oh! my Saviour, posture is nothing; Thou hearest prayer."

She then sent messages to her absent brothers, and sweetly addressed her sisters in the language of serious advice, concluding with, "Comfort our dear, tried mother; console and support her." Observing that some of us were affected—and indeed it would have been hard to restrain the tide of feeling on such an occasion—"Suppress nature," said she, very forcibly; "I endeavor to do so." After we had all remained some time silent, she inquired, "Who are here?" Her mother answered, "None but thy poor mother, thy sisters and brother, and the Shepherd of Israel." "He *is* here," she replied; "He is near me." After a while she addressed her nurse in an affectionate and grateful manner, and added, "I am dying; and it is a very awful thing to die. Oh! be circum-

spect. We must all die; but the presence of the Lord supports me: His presence is near me." Then dismissing the servant, she said, "Give my love to Dr. —: tell him I am much obliged to him for his kind attention; but, that the knowledge of this world gendereth to bondage. I am afraid he is too fond of vain philosophy to think enough of religion."

She next gave me a message to a relation at a distance, comprising much important counsel in a few words; and mentioning the attendance of places of amusement, she said in a lamenting tone, "Oh, it is a pity, a great pity, a sin, and waste of time." After lying still a few minutes she broke forth thus: "What is life! a bubble; five and twenty years and a little more, and all is over; but I am taken in great mercy, oh! in great mercy, I do believe, from the evil to come. 'The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand for ever.'" Remaining awhile quiet, she said, "I hope I have not said more than was given me."

Her mother telling her she need not fear, as it was evident her lips had been touched with a live coal from the holy altar, she replied, "It is the Lord's doings, it is His doings, oh what mercy! He hears and answers prayer."

It is worthy of remark, as an evidence of her having been strengthened for the occasion, that although my beloved sister had spoken so much more during this solemnly interesting scene (which lasted for about two hours) than at any time of her illness, yet she did not seem at all exhausted by it, nor to suffer afterwards from such great exertion of voice: for notwithstanding her weakness was such that we generally had to lean over her in order to gather what she said, she spoke while thus engaged in so clear and distinct a manner that she could be heard in any part of the room.

For about two weeks after this memorable period, she could seldom bear to be touched, or have any one very near the bed, and usually made signs for what she

wished done, the distressing sickness at her stomach rendering it hard for her to speak a word. Yet ejaculations were sometimes heard which manifested that her mind was still kept in confidence, and her faith in the sufficiency of her Almighty Helper preserved unshaken.

One evening during this sore conflict, after her mother had supplicated at her bed-side, and was engaged to petition that the Lord might preserve her amidst all the suffering he saw meet to dispense, in steady reliance upon Himself, and grant that patience might have its perfect work, &c., "Amen, amen," said she, with uncommon energy and sweetness; and then made this appeal: "Thou hast told me that mine eyes shall see thy salvation. Thou hast told me so in the secret of my heart: only, Lord, keep me in the patience, until it is thy good pleasure to set the spirit free." She then added, "I am afraid the spirit is too anxious to get free." During great distress of body the following aspirations were distinctly heard, though

uttered in a weak and broken voice, "Gracious Father, remember I am but dust! Oh, my Saviour, look down with compassion upon thy poor sufferer, take her this night if it be Thy good pleasure; yet not my will but thine be done."

Speaking one time of the dying expressions of dear Sarah R. Grubb, she seemed comforted by her mother's repeating that part relative to the grain of faith being mercifully vouchsafed amidst deep conflict of flesh and spirit, &c., and afterwards mentioned the account of a young woman who had made a very happy end, saying, "How apt we are when in health to scan over records of this kind, without considering their value and importance, though they are calculated to do much good." She several times mentioned dear Deborah Darby (of whose death we did not inform her, though it occurred during her illness), saying, she had dreamt of her and often remembered her and her companion's sweet visits to our family when last in Ireland; remarking what a favor

it was to be noticed by the messengers and servants of the Most High; but that His visits to the soul were beyond all.

She sent a message to a beloved and intimate young friend, on the subject of reading, which at that awful period she saw required great caution; and lamented that much precious time was often wasted in perusing works of imagination. "Tell her," said she, "to read the Holy Scriptures;" intimating that the more she did so, the less she would feel disposed for perusing books of an unprofitable tendency.

About a week before her death, she said, one evening, while in great pain, "I pray that the Lord may terminate my sufferings before my patience is exhausted; and I believe and trust He will." On my querying where her pain was, and expressing surprise at her having such constant uneasiness—"Oh, death, death!" she calmly replied; "in how many forms does death approach! It is hard work to die." She once or twice asked her mother, "Dost

thou think it can be long?" meaning her continuance in suffering.

Third month, 14th.—Her sufferings and consequent debility were very distressing, so that we were often apprehensive she had really ceased to breathe; yet, on a little revival, it was evident that her faith and patience continued in lively exercise. She said, with great sweetness and composure, "How pleasant it will be to get home, after all these conflicts, into the arms of Jesus! How trifling they will then appear, though so hard to poor mortality!" But the Lord is near. Oh! what an eminent favor, what an unspeakable mercy, that He is so near! From the very first He has seemed to overshadow me. All my impatience He passes by and forgives; He remembers that I am but dust: He smiles on me, He comforts, He cherishes me." I remarked, that her bodily sufferings had been very great, almost throughout. "Yes," she answered, "in the beginning I had great conflict, and felt my pain very trying; but at length I got to resignation, and by prayer could

say, THY WILL BE DONE. And now I have desired that when I am taken, it may be in a calm and tranquil moment; that the pangs may not be such as to preclude the possibility of my nearest connections being around me. But the Lord's blessed will be done. He is all goodness to me, and will relieve me in His own good time."

For the last two days of her life she spoke but seldom, and that with difficulty, apparently owing to the oppression and hurry of breathing; which was such, that except when some one fanned her, she dared not venture to doze—feeling, as she herself expressed it, that without that artificial air, she could not breathe at all. On First-day evening, she had a little of that rambling which results from extreme weakness, and did not seem fully to know those about her; but this quite subsided, and she was next morning perfectly clear, yet did not say much—being mostly in great pain, and suffering more under the approaches of dissolution than we thought could be the case, considering her exhausted

state. But about four hours previously to her release, as if permitted to show us that the bias of her mind remained firm, even at that awful moment, she said, with strength and clearness, "Thank merciful Goodness, *that* pain is better!"

She appeared once or twice, after this, to be engaged in prayer; but the words could not be understood. She quietly departed about half-past eight o'clock on Second-day evening, the 19th of Third month, 1810, being exactly nine weeks from her first seizure. So peaceful was her close, that those around her knew not the precise moment when she entered her everlasting rest; though her nearest connections were witnesses of the solemn scene. The desire of her soul was thus mercifully granted, and the last enemy disarmed of his sting. May she, "being dead," yet speak, with availing emphasis, the awfully instructive language, "Be ye also ready."

A
BRIEF MEMOIR
OF
CHARLOTTE DUDLEY.

“ He hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God : many shall see it and fear, and shall trust in the Lord.”

BRIEF MEMOIR OF CHARLOTTE DUDLEY.

Robert and Mary Dudley had four sons and four daughters.* CHARLOTTE, the youngest of the daughters, was born at Clonmel, on the 14th of Twelfth month, 1787. The following short biographical notice of her has been mainly compiled from the "Memoirs of Elizabeth Dudley," published in London in 1861.

Not much is recorded respecting Charlotte's early life. She says of herself, that

* Elizabeth, the eldest child, died in London, in the Ninth month, 1849, of cholera, which was then fearfully fatal in that city. She lived but twelve hours after she was attacked. She was sensible, and while yet able to speak, said, "I have not *now* to seek a Saviour: this would be a very inconvenient season, if I had a Saviour to *seek*." She was a few days over seventy, and had been a recommended minister about thirty-eight years. Her first public appearance was in solemn supplication at the funeral of her sister Hannah.

Mary, the second daughter, died in the Twelfth month, 1847.

while very young, "she enjoyed sweet communion with the Father of Spirits," and at times "wept in secret, while reflecting on the transgressions of the day." But "the tender buds of grace," to use again her own language, were "nipped by the cold north wind." In her twentieth year, under date of Tenth month, 18th, 1807, she makes this acknowledgment:

Infatuated by the transitory enjoyments of time and sense, and too tenderly attached to the objects of my affection, my heart has hitherto excluded the Heavenly Visitor, to whose service it should be humbly dedicated, and by whom alone it should be engaged.

In the same memorandum from which the above passage is extracted, she records her earnest desire and prayer for the renewal of a right spirit within her, and implores "the divine blessing upon the fervent and sincere desires of a heart but newly awakened to a sense of sinful misery."

The effect of the illness and death of her sister Hannah, on Charlotte's mind, is thus referred to in a letter written to an intimate friend, by her sister Elizabeth, a few months after that event:

Her own ill-health, dear girl, is calculated to produce pensive recollections of what she has seen borne with un murmuring patience. She has, I am convinced, been sweetly attracted, during this bodily affliction, to seek an establishment upon that foundation which can alone stand the storms of this fluctuating world.

The following extracts from a few of C. D.'s memorandums and letters may be introduced here :

Fourth month, 17th, 1810.—Being confined to my chamber for some days, I have had opportunities for more private retirement than I have for a long time enjoyed. I have gone over the various visitations of Providence to my soul during the last ten or twelve years ; and my spirit has been humbled in fervent prayer to the God and Father of my life, that he would renew the holy visitations of His love to so unworthy an object of His heavenly care, till self be brought into complete subjection.

Fifth month, 23d.—It is in seasons of the greatest outward weakness, that Almighty strength is often made most perfect. When the language of prayer cannot flow from the tongue, the secret petition of the heart is read by the All-seeing Eye. My precious mother spent the evening with me in my chamber,

and instructed me in the sweet counsels of true and undefiled religion. I think I never felt the importance of the maternal character more impressed on my mind, than while attending to her conversation. Were all mothers as able to acquit themselves to their children as my precious parent is, how many happier mothers would rejoice in happier children!

Sixth month, 5th.—My health improves. Oh, for a grateful heart! Of all my faults, ingratitude is the most despicable.

7th.—I trust I can acknowledge that the Shepherd of Israel has at times guided me into the silent valley, and led me beside the still waters, whereof my thirsty soul has drunk and been refreshed.

To her mother, then on a religious visit in Dorsetshire, she writes:

CAMBERWELL, 17th of Ninth month, 1812.

. . . . No selfish wish in my heart sought to bring thee home while I read my sister's letter, for I felt that I could sacrifice all that could attach me to earth, for the sake of promoting the eternal interests of mankind. . . . While I remember how my past life has been employed, how anxiously do I wish to be restored to an opportunity of redeeming the time squandered in frivolous pursuits; and yet I am capable of neglecting to improve the present moment, the present strong impression that time is rapidly passing, eternity

quickly approaching, and that my own claim to eternal life will soon be decided. . . .

23d of Ninth month, 1812.

Thus, my revered parent, are we continually obliged to sacrifice to the affectionate and too kind wishes of our friends, those advantages which can only be derived from communion with ourselves in retirement. These I sigh for and most ardently long to enjoy; and I cannot but wish for the arrival of that season which, gloomy in appearance, often maketh the heart glad in the enjoyment of its most valuable pleasures. I look towards your return and the approach of winter as the means of restoring to us that social happiness which can never be found but in the bosom of domestic quiet.

Elizabeth Dudley, speaking of her sister Charlotte, remarks as follows, with reference to the period intervening between the Tenth month of 1807 and the autumn of 1817.

The happy effects of Divine convictions, though for a time apparent, were again counteracted by sublunary objects, and whilst she esteemed religion as the one thing needful, she tried to attain its possession in an easier way than by taking up the cross to her natural inclination. This attempt was the source of much mental conflict for above ten years;

and even when apparently in the midst of cheerfulness and enjoyment, or spending her time in works of charity, her soul was distressed and sorrowful, mourning over its state of bondage, and the absence of that peace which, to use her own words, she had willfully relinquished for the sinful trifles of time.

The struggle between her own will and her sense of the Divine command, seems to have reached its height when she was at Brighton, in the autumn of 1817, at which time she was in her thirtieth year. During her last illness she adverted to this period of trial, and said she went at that time from one place of worship to another, seeking to find an easier path than that which she felt to be the path of duty. The impression was then clearly made upon her mind that nothing would do for her but to become "a poor despised Quaker preacher." Nothing else, she said, brought peace. In describing her deliverance from this season of trial, she writes in 1818:

My soul was humbled with the weight of gratitude for the renewings of the Holy Ghost once more vouchsafed to a backsliding sinner. Under a sense of overwhelming mercy, and

subdued by the power of Divine love, I again entered into covenant with the God of Israel, that if He would be my Shepherd, I would join with the flock of Christ, follow their footsteps, and become whatever He would have me to be. Hunger and thirst after righteousness became the prevailing sensations of my soul; and I longed for the complete conquest of sin above all things. Lord, in Thy mercy, and in Thy faithfulness, answer my continued prayer unto Thee; that I may show forth Thy praise from day to day, and live to Thy glory here, and in Thy presence hereafter!

In transcribing these words, Elizabeth Dudley adds: "The adorning, of the body being now felt as both inconsistent and burdensome, those things which had contributed to personal vanity were freely given up, whilst the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit became increasingly obvious."

Although she had been enabled in good measure to yield up her own will to that of her Divine Master, and dedicate her life to His service, yet for her more complete change of heart, and her preparation for public usefulness, there was needed a season of refining, from which she would gladly

have been excused. Under date of Ninth month, 13th, 1818, she says: "After a wakeful night, I arose in much distress of mind; indeed, the mental conflicts of the last week or two have deprived me of sleep almost continually."

In this time of trial, however, she was often favored with moments of heavenly consolation; and it must be kept in mind, in reading the record she made of her feelings, that upon an instrument so sensitive and so finely strung as was her nature, every vibration, whether of joy or suffering, thrilled with an intensity to which most are happily strangers. Her bodily condition also, which was frequently one of suffering or of languor, contributed largely to the depressed state of her mind. That her unwillingness, however, in earlier life, patiently to bear the yoke of Christ, had a considerable share in producing the fears and discouragements from which she suffered so acutely, is more than probable. She herself attributed her trials to this cause. Such painful experience is worth

recording, to warn others of the danger of disobedience to early visitations of Divine Grace, and to direct them into the way of peace. May such as partake of similar trials, whether from the same or other causes, not let go the hope that, if faithful and obedient, they will be made partakers also of the heavenly consolation which she came at last to enjoy. Grace, in the end, won for her the victory over all her enemies. Her doubts and darkness were exchanged for light.

The following are extracts from her Diary:

1818. *Twelfth month, 3d.*—After a day of conflict of mind, similar to the painful days and “wearisome nights” which have been appointed me, a feeling of that precious peace which my soul desires above all temporal good, has been graciously vouchsafed. Oh! this is invaluable; and although I feel so unworthy of the favor, I have dared to hope it may be the clothing of my spirit through the silent watches of this night.

8th.—Attended Southwark Meeting; but, oh! the blackness, and darkness, and tempests which involved my mind! Gracious Father, look upon my affliction and distress, and in

Thy own time, and in the manner most consistent with Thy own blessed will, relieve me from the burden of condemnation which sometimes feels heavier than the oppressed spirit can support.

Croydon, 13th.—The last day of my thirty-first year! Solemn and affecting are the reflections which have occupied my mind during the hours of this day; and inexpressibly painful are the feelings which have filled my heart on the review of my whole past life, but especially in the retrospect of the last eleven years. Had faithful obedience to manifested duty been then practised, what suffering had I avoided! Father of Spirits, humble me lower still, if it be Thy blessed will. Chasten me in any manner Thou mayest see needful; only *fix* my heart on Thyself, and let all my springs of comfort be in Thee.

Charlotte Dudley had not long entered upon the new stage in her spiritual journey, when she found that her love for the society of children, and the solicitude she always felt for their improvement, were to be made use of. She felt it to be her duty to offer herself as a supernumerary resident at Ackworth School.

Third month, 16th, 1820.—Edward Harris has just called on me, and, in a feeling of kind

sympathy, has informed me that the [London] Committee have opened the way for my following a path which appears to be marked out for at least some part of my future life.

Fourth month, 25th, Tottenham.—I came here on Fourth-day, the 12th instant, to the house of my very kind friends, Elizabeth Lowe and her daughters, for the benefit of change of air; as I have had a cough lately, attended with an increase of the pain in my left side. Yesterday was the time for the Ackworth Committee to meet. Should they agree to receive one so little qualified for service in the Institution, and so lately occupied by the vanities of time, it will be wonderful indeed. Lord, redeem me more and more from evil thoughts, and let not sin have dominion over me!

Fifth month, 8th.—Relieved from bodily suffering, and comforted in spirit by the decision of the two Committees. What shall I render unto Thee, my God, for all the benefits with which Thou blessest Thy poor sinful worm?

Sixth month, 8th.—This has been truly a solemn day, and the afternoon marked in no common manner, by a parting scene at Plough Court, between my revered parent, my sisters, Martha Savory and myself, and our very precious friend, Stephen Grellet. In a religious sitting, he addressed us very sweetly, in the language of encouragement, to “take up the cross,” and to “despise the shame.”

The following letter was written by Elizabeth Dudley to Robert Whitaker, the Superintendent of Ackworth School :

No. 9 Nelson Square, London, 7th mo., 13th, 1820.

My dear mother is far advanced in age, and very delicate in health. As she never has attended a general meeting at Ackworth, she seems particularly inclined to embrace the present opportunity of obtaining more accurate knowledge of an institution become so deeply interesting as the future residence of a beloved child, with whom the parting pang may perhaps be mitigated by seeing the place and persons where we shall have to contemplate her. The step is taken by her in faith ; for the extreme delicacy of her constitution presents an impediment to all who know her : but, whilst alive to very keen feelings on the subject, I wish to profit by the lesson of obedience and simple trust which the dedication of this precious sister holds out.

From C. Dudley's diary and letters, we extract the following passages relative to her residence in Yorkshire :

Ackworth, Eighth month, 4th, 1820.—Preparations for a removal from my very precious maternal home, from the delightful shelter of domestic love, from the multiplied enjoyments of a London residence, and from the valued

privileges of refined and Christian intercourse, produced feelings too powerfully oppressive to admit of my noting those various frames of mind under which I alternately suffered or rejoiced from season to season.

I was favored to arrive here in peace and safety on Second-day afternoon, in company with my revered parent, sisters, &c., and received the salutation of Christian love from Robert Whitaker and his amiable wife, and entered their parlor under feelings prophetic of sorrow of heart, from new trials of faith and patience.

But the prevailing desire of my soul is to "stand still, and see the salvation of God," in any way and through whatever means he may appoint, and to become qualified to pursue the common business of the day which may be assigned to me in this large establishment, with diligence and spirituality, doing every thing in season, and "as unto the Lord."

Ninth month, 27th.—I feel myself indeed alone; and not yet knowing what I am to do here, or wherefore I am sent hither. May a disposition too much opposed to restraint be disciplined, in contemplating the advantages of punctuality, and of dispatch in the performance of every duty; and, above all, may my residence here teach me the grand, essential duty of self-denial!

Tenth month, 30th.—The society of dear M. H. was very consoling to me during the

three days of the examination of the children. The company of George and Ann Jones was also soothing and encouraging; but I feel it to be my privilege, under distress of mind like that which I now suffer, to be allowed to confide in One alone. Lord, in thine own good time, produce in my soul a willingness to be anything, or nothing, as Thou mayest please.

Eleventh month, 11th.—Less conversation on the subjects which do not edify, has, I hope, tended to keep peace at home. Lord, deepen me in the knowledge of Thyself, for this only is life eternal.

12th.—A low day to my poor tried mind: an unexpected humiliation tended to hide pride from my heart. Lord, be graciously pleased to bless even this trivial circumstance to my soul's good.

13th.—Arose, after having had my breakfast in bed, distressed in mind, and under a sense of oppression, from the dreadful fear of engaging in the awful work which, for more than two years, I have had a prospect of being called to, but for which my unfitness appears greater every day I live. Lord, in Thine own good time, and not in mine, send me help from Thy sanctuary, or relieve my poor mind from this grievous weight, and my life shall praise Thee.

16th.—This day a willingness has been attained, that whatever is required in sacrifice at my hands, shall in simplicity be offered.

17th.—This day at meeting, in which the mortal remains [of Samuel Dix, who died at the School] were placed before us. Under what I conceived to be a divine command, did I publicly offer, at the footstool of the throne of grace, the sacrifices of a broken heart and of a contrite spirit; though inexpressible conflict of mind succeeded, lest I might have mistaken the preparation of prayer in my heart for the commission to offer it. But the power, the words, the “heavenly vision,” as my soul conceived it, all again returned, which this time two years, at Croydon, so plainly arose as the way in which I should be required to dedicate myself to Him who has called me to deny myself thus in the presence of the people.

22d.—I went to the Monthly Meeting at Wakefield. The language, “This is not thy rest,” was forcibly impressed upon my mind, while I sat in both meetings. And, oh! if I may obtain, even in time, that rest which, for thirteen years, I have sought in vain for in the world, how much shall I have to rejoice in these “light afflictions,” and which are but for a moment, compared with the eternity in which the “weight of glory” will be mercifully revealed to those for whom it was prepared.

24th —Wrote to one of the Committee to-day, respecting some view of home, which has within this day or two opened to my mind.

The childlike simplicity which covers my heart is sweet, and I feel that it is the only safe state for me. Lord, graciously preserve me herein.

26th.—Oh! the dread I feel of ever moving again in the awful line of ministry, no words can describe. Lord, decide the painful doubts of my distracted heart, and be pleased to grant some outward evidence of Thy will herein, either by the expression of verbal or written approbation from some friend; that so faith may be confirmed, or error corrected, and my soul shall bless Thy ever worthy name.

29th.—This morning, . . . thinking the air might revive me, I went out to walk; and calling on an invalid, Joseph Donbavand's son, and his mother pressing me to go up to see him, I complied with her request: and while sitting by his bedside, felt constrained to supplicate that his Heavenly Father would be graciously pleased to strengthen him upon the bed of languishing, and to make all his bed in his sickness.

Twelfth month, 1st.—A sweet letter, full of encouragement, from my revered parent's own loved hand, has this morning cheered my heart; and the evidence which, under doubt, and even disbelief, I so much desired might conspire, with more certainty of feeling, to compose my poor tossed mind, I have been favored to receive, in two letters from two ministering Friends, from one of whom I never

received a line before. The second was from a very dear friend, now engaged in visiting families at Sheffield, which I thought sufficient to occupy her exercised mind, without a thought of one so unworthy as myself. Yet thus has the Father of mercies remembered my low estate. All praise be ascribed to His name!

2*d.*—A tranquil day to my mind, during which I have lived at home in myself, feeling, under my present circumstances, more easy to refrain from social intercourse with any; yet have occasionally joined in conversation with the dear kind friends, at whose table I form one in the domestic circle. Walked out alone this afternoon, and called on a poor woman. Enjoyed, in my lonely ramble, the presence of Him whose “favor is better than life;” and was very thankful for the precious feeling of which I feel utterly unworthy.

7*th.*—No line of usefulness has yet opened to me, in which I feel liberty to engage; and if I have been enabled to do anything for the benefit of the Institution, since coming hither, it can only have been in secretly imploring the divine blessing on the labors of those who labor themselves.

20*th.*—On Second-day, Isabella Harris, Hannah Harrison, Nathan Hunt, and myself, went in a post-chaise to Wakefield to attend the Monthly Meeting. It was a solemn season. The precious messenger [N. H.] was very

early well engaged in speaking to the state of most of the members of our highly professing Society. After he had sat down for a little while, trembling and abased, I ventured to express the words of our blessed Redeemer, when personally on earth, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me;" and to call the attention of the meeting to Him who remains to be the way, and the truth, and the life, and who now, through His Holy Spirit, speaks from heaven, in the secret of every awakened and believing heart, the same language. Nathan Hunt quickly rose after, and, as if commissioned to strengthen my faith, repeated the text, and called our attention to this as the one important business of the Christian's life. Oh! the peace I felt in this act of dedication, and the assurance that it was in the order and counsel of Him who, in His own wisdom, so often "chooseth things that are not, to bring to naught things that are."

A public meeting was appointed for the next day at Wakefield. . . . At dinner I sat by this disciple of Jesus; and immediately as this repast was over, he addressed the company in a strain of tender encouragement, beginning with the dear young people, the heads of the family, and then sweetly spoke to those in the evening of their day; then to the young men, to engage decidedly in the one important con-

cern of their soul's welfare: and lastly, expressing "the tender and close unity of spirit" which he had felt with a poor, weak, trembling child, whom he thus encouraged to go forward, telling her that he had felt and travailed in spirit with her spirit.

At two o'clock he left Wakefield, and I seemed again to part with a parent, in taking leave of this precious friend, who had thus entered into the fellowship of suffering with me; so that it appeared as if I were permitted "to drink the same spiritual drink, and to eat the same spiritual meat," and to know that the spiritual rock on which I was daring to build in faith, was that which now follows this aged saint, and "which Rock is Christ."

The feeling of peaceful release from this place, to which I had been so long attracted, furnishes a new subject of thankfulness to Him whose goodness and mercy have followed me "all my life long unto this day."

The following passage respecting her sister Charlotte, is taken from Elizabeth Dudley's Journal:

We were comforted with receiving good accounts of her; and in a few weeks after our return [from a religious visit to Yorkshire], obtained intelligence that she had spoken in meetings, to the satisfaction of her friends. This was no surprise, for we had long believed her under preparation for the service, though

cautious of disclosing our views, which were never hinted to her in conversation. Nor do I consider that good is often produced, while I quite believe harm is at times done, by instrumental interference under such circumstances. It is impossible to prescribe the term of probation for another, because the time of preparation and conflict is not alike to all; and it is of very great importance that these should not be mistaken for the commission which such previous exercise often resembles. Sympathy and tenderness are indeed due from those who have trodden this path, to their younger fellow-travellers; and the seasonable expression of such feelings often proves strengthening to the inexperienced, who may be ready to faint in the day of sore trial.

C. Dudley thus continues her Diary at Ackworth:

Twelfth month, 25th.—I have latterly found my safety to consist in submitting to the restraints which I felt respecting much conversation; and have also found all unnecessary epistolary communication forbidden, though accustomed to derive consolation from this source. That undue anxiety, too, which I have suffered about the things that are temporal, seems to be greatly subdued; and I feel the slights or ridicule of creatures, weak as myself, rather now as subject of pity for them than of pain to myself. Heavenly Father,

thus continue to bend and break my will, and teach me to endure reproach for the testimony of Jesus, as an avowed disciple of a crucified Redeemer.

28th.—My mind has felt peaceful to-day, but depressed under the feeling of almost total solitude ; for, amidst this great and interesting community, I find no one kindred mind. But this, I am convinced, is all well.

The important and awful work in which, under the belief of divine command, I have ventured to engage, is now, I plainly perceive, (and it is indeed with astonishment that the view is beheld,) to be the business of my future life ; and whether this be long or short, nothing will, I believe, be accepted but the constant and entire dedication of body, soul and spirit.

LETTER TO HER MOTHER.

First month, 15th, 1821.— . . . My Heavenly Father has led me very gently into paths which truly I had not known ; so that in some seasons I seem indeed to be a new creature, and to have different views to what I have ever seen, even views of an eternal weight of glory, so inexpressibly precious to my soul, that any suffering here could be thankfully endured, to secure even the distant prospect. . . .

TO HER MOTHER.

Ackworth School, First month, 29th.— . . . Thy counsel, my most precious friend and

parent, has sounded like a watchword in the renewed conflicts I have had to endure for the last week: "Leave all, attend to present duty, and in humility cast every future care on Him who will provide in time and through eternity." I have endeavored to follow this in faith. But it is difficult to human pride to be thus abased; and I cannot describe the awfulness which attends my spirit, in the prospect of attending Southwark Meeting, in addition to the humiliation of returning from Ackworth blind and ignorant as I came with respect to any advantages which others can have derived from the sacrifice I have made. Could I adopt the language of the Apostle Paul as my own assurance, "We are fools for Christ's sake," I should, I believe, feel resigned to suffering. . . .

I have, with great pleasure to myself, taken Hannah Smith's place for a week, in the "little reading school:" and as the classes are composed of the younger children, consequently the less wise, I am about competent to their instruction; and the little girls seem quite as fond of their new teacher as she is of them.

The accompanying minute was handed me this morning, by my dear sympathizing friend, Robert Whitaker, and was the acknowledgment, the Committee told me verbally, of their united feeling.

MINUTE OF THE ACKWORTH COMMITTEE, HELD FIRST
MONTH, 29TH, 1821.

Our dear friend, Charlotte Dudley, has informed us that she now feels her mind released from further apprehension of duty relative to remaining in this Institution. During her stay here, the influence of her example, and her tender solicitude for the welfare and improvement of the children, have been very grateful, and her services in the family at large, useful and truly acceptable.

C. Dudley presented the female teachers with an Album for Select Pieces and Extracts, which is still in existence at the School. It contains the following lines, transcribed by herself, and believed to be her own production :

LINES SUGGESTED BY SEEING A LITTLE GIRL READING
HER BIBLE ON THE STEP OF A DOOR IN THE STREET,
1814.

Canst thou, sweet child of hope, so soon forego
The playful sports thy young companions love,
And, whilst maturer minds are fixed below,
Raise thy first wishes to the realms above ?

Whilst, on the cares or joys of life intent,
Each eager step unheeded passes by,
On thee, in tender love and hope, is bent
Thy Father's ear—thy God's approving eye.

Oh ! lovely pattern of that infant race,
To whom the Saviour's blessing once was given,
When He declared, through His redeeming grace,
Of such as thee should be the saints in heaven !

In reference to her residence at Ackworth School, we have the following recollections of one who was a scholar there at the time.

In Charlotte Dudley's coming to reside here, there did not appear to be any definite object before her; but it has often felt to me, in reflecting upon it in mature years, that it had been permitted in order that we might be won, through her lovely Christian walk, to become followers of Him whom it seemed the one bent of her mind to serve, and her one aim to allure others to seek. . . .

On her return home, C. Dudley wrote as follows:

Second month, 25th, 1821.—I left Ackworth under feelings of a very mingled nature. However feeble, however unworthy the service be, Ackworth remains bound around my heart; and it sometimes seems as if this were yet to be my home.

The next two entries in her Diary, that have been preserved, are under date of Fourth month, 29th, and Sixth month, 24th, 1821. In these she speaks of the prevalence of doubts and fears, so that she felt no strength to continue the record of her feelings and experience. The follow-

ing memorandum was made in the Twelfth month of that year :

First-day, 16th, was a solemn and profitable day. I went to Croydon in company with my dear friends, Jacob and Mary Hagen, in order to attend the funeral of a lovely young woman, Elizabeth Were, of Poole, who died in a consumption, at the age of twenty-five years. A precious solemnity prevailed at the grave ; but no words were uttered. My heart was full of desire, while I had not strength to express, at the ground, the burden thereof ; but after an interval of solemn silence, I poured forth supplication in the meeting-house. The meeting was graciously owned by the great Head of the Church, and my very soul was bowed in humble gratitude, during the remainder of the day, under the sense of the love of God.

In the summer of 1822, C. Dudley made a visit to Ackworth School, arriving there on the 29th of Seventh month, and again spent a considerable time at that interesting Institution. The chief object she had in view was the establishing of a system of private instruction for the children, during the last half year of their stay there ; but no way opening for usefulness in that line,

and feeling released from a longer tarriance, she returned home "in peace and safety," on the 24th of Ninth month. Under date of Tenth month, 17th, she says, "The feeling of peace continues to dwell with me, in the retrospect of my late visit to Ackworth School." From a letter to her mother, written while at the Institution, the following is extracted:

ACKWORTH, 31st of Eighth Month, 1822.

. . . On this day two weeks, Joseph Thompson, a lovely child of nearly twelve years, was brought to the nursery, complaining of pain in the head. On Fourth-day he closed his short life, whilst those who stood by the bed were made thankful in believing that it had been long enough to answer the great end of his being.

Before and after meeting, on Fifth-day, all the dear children were introduced into the chamber of death, in companies of about twenty, whilst those whose minds were brought into lively exercise for their best welfare, addressed them. When we assembled in the meeting-house, we seemed to vary but the *place* of worship, so devotional were the feelings which this event excited; and there thanksgiving and praises were vocally offered. As I stood by the coffin, yesterday and this morning, I thought him

too beautiful for the grave. Thither, however, his remains were taken, after an appointed meeting, into which the dear body was carried by six little boys, who all seemed impressed with the scene they witnessed. . . .

FROM HER DIARY.

1823. *Second month, 2d.*—Since the last record in this book, another year has opened to my view, and afforded the experience of providential mercies and renewed favors, for all of which my soul at times has been enabled to “magnify the Lord.” But for the last three months the general state of my mind has been so low, that the “spirit of heaviness” has been almost constantly mine: my faith and patience have been tried, and hope almost destroyed. Still do I desire to bow in humble resignation, whilst the waters “compass me about, even to the soul,” and to look again toward the holy temple of my God.

Eleventh month, 21st.—On opening this book this afternoon, my mind is plunged into renewed anguish, in the fresh feeling of my irreparable loss, since which I have not ventured to write a word herein; and the last memorandum brings to my recollection the privileges which the ever-valued society of my precious and lamented mother afforded to me, even in seasons of the greatest mental conflict. I have lived to see her die! And now, under the full weight of sorrow, . . . I would not,

were it in my power, recall her glorified spirit again to earth, for one moment, to comfort her mourning daughters.

About this time, Charlotte Dudley was permitted to sink into a very trying state of mental depression, in part occasioned, or at least increased, by an attack of serious indisposition. The following record is without date, but it is believed to have been written during this period, probably in the spring of 1824:

The blackness of darkness covers my mind: all hope of future mercy has seemed cut off, during the sleepless hours of the night, wherein all past sins were brought most painfully to my remembrance; and eternal death was full in view, and an offended Judge. Oh! if this await me, what can now avail? I am now cold, dead, and I would fear, never to arise to life again.

In the summer of this year (1824), the three sisters passed some weeks at Ramsgate, where the sea air and change of scene proved beneficial to Charlotte's health. It was during their tarriance at this place that the Sun of Righteousness again broke forth upon her spirit, chasing away the

clouds of fear and unbelief, at once and for ever, and filling her with light, peace and gladness. "I remember," she said, when recurring, during her last illness, to this memorable deliverance, "I remember Jane Harris sending me word last summer, that it was a baptism; but I could not understand how any spiritual benefit could be derived in such a state. But, oh! the change, as in a moment, in that little meeting at Draper's, when C. H. seemed sent with the consoling message to my soul, 'I have graven thee on the palms of my hands, thy walls are continually before me.' Death and darkness were dispelled, and under this delivering mercy, I felt a strong assurance that I should never be so tried again: and when I returned, and sat the first time in Southwark Meeting, the language was powerfully applied to my heart, 'Now shall thine head be lifted up above thine enemies round about thee;' and I was enabled to testify of Him who is the resurrection and the life, to all those who believe in and obey Him."

Had Charlotte Dudley, on the favored occasion above alluded to, again yielded to discouragement, instead of embracing, as she did, the opening thus graciously afforded for her deliverance, she might have been plunged into a still greater depth of distress. May those who are similarly tried, be encouraged by her experience, not to give up hope, but to lay hold of any offer of Divine Grace that may in mercy be vouchsafed, so that by close attention thereto they may, like her, be favored to rise from their low estate, and thus experience their spiritual health restored. The Father of Mercies cares for and protects us all, and he regards these distressed and fainting ones with a pitying eye. He can in His own good time lift them out of their despondent state, and enable them to adopt the language, "I waited patiently for the Lord; and He inclined unto me, and heard my cry. He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings. And

He hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God. Many shall see it and fear, and shall trust in the Lord."

FROM HER DIARY.

Eleventh month, 7th, 1824.—Attended Southwark Meeting this morning, where very early I was favored to feel the fresh extension of Almighty love, not only to the humbling of my soul, but to the subjection of my will, to the renewed dedication of body, soul, and spirit unto Him who had called out of darkness into what I have been enabled to rejoice in, as his marvelous light.

1825. *First month, 9th.*—Attended both our little Peckham meetings to-day, under the sweet feeling of being "reconciled to God." Oh, the unspeakable mercy of the return with an abundant increase of soul-enriching peace.

The entry from which the above is extracted is the last one in C. Dudley's diary. Two days afterwards she was recorded a minister by Southwark Monthly Meeting.

CHARLOTTE DUDLEY TO MARY HUSTLER.

FINSBURY, 11th of Second month, 1825.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND:

"What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." Blessed assurance from the lip of Truth; astonishing con-

descension from the Fountain of love itself! The reflection hereupon has humbled my spirit in a season of solemn retirement this morning, when my soul sought a renewal of its strength in silent waiting upon the Lord. And now I feel a liberty of mind to commune in this way with my Christian friends. The "thick darkness" which was permitted very long to envelope me, has now passed away under the influence of the arising of that light which I conceive to be that testified of in sacred Scripture, as the "life of men." And truly it now constitutes my life, that wherein only I can rejoice, and having which, I seem to myself to have "all things." . . .

On the 23d of Third month, 1825, accompanied by her sister Mary, Charlotte attended the examination at the Borough Road School, where, in consequence of exposure too great for her delicate constitution, she took cold. She soon began to cough, and on retiring the same night, said she was sensible that her lungs were wounded. She suffered much; but although for some time unconscious of the serious nature of her malady, she manifested entire patience and resignation. The following particulars of her illness are

taken from notes made, from day to day, by her sister Elizabeth.

Soon after she was taken ill, when tried with difficulty of breathing, she said; "Oh, this poor fleeting breath! what a mercy that we shall not want it in eternity!" On its being made known to her that disease of a mortal character existed, and that its progress was rapid, she remarked, "I feel very ill, but remarkably quiet. I think I can adopt the language:

'Or life or death is equal, neither weighs;—
All weight in this—O, let me live to Thee!'"

A short time afterwards she said, "I want to feel more of the love of God, to feel more worthy of his love in Christ Jesus." She then repeated the text: "It is sown in weakness, it is raised in power;" adding: "Although not so applied in Scripture, this language may be used with respect to gospel faith. How small is the portion we are at times entrusted with under the weakness of the poor body; but how glorious will be the rising into divine

fullness when mortality is put off! 'Oh! to grace how great a debtor!' Well may I query, why is such grace lavished upon me, one who for so many years was a rebel to my God, fighting against the convictions of his Spirit?"

The next First-day evening, taking a hand of each sister, she said most sweetly; "Let us be very still and quiet, not say anything that is not necessary. This is the way we shall find strength. We are not like persons unacquainted with sorrow, and we have been mercifully helped through many trials." In a little time after; "This precious stillness refreshes me! We never feel the virtue of quietness so much as when in suffering. I have remembered the text, 'Ye shall ask me nothing!' It seems as if I had nothing to ask, because my Heavenly Father knows what I have need of, and he has been more ready to give me, all my life long, than I have been to ask him." After taking some refreshment, she said: "I shall be fed with choice food soon, I hope and believe."

On the 11th of the Fourth month, whilst lying still, she remarked, "What a favor it is not to be obliged to speak or even think!

'In inward silence of the mind,
My Heaven and there my God I find.' "

In reference to the former depressed state of her mind, she said, addressing her sister E., "Thou hadst confidence that I should be brought through it: and dear Samuel Alexander also encouraged me. How well I remember his saying, 'I cannot feel uneasy about thee, my dear; I have no fear respecting thee.' How kind and fatherly he was; I am glad he came to see us. T. C. of Broadstairs* once did me good. When walking solitary and not able to enjoy anything, he came up and repeated the words; 'Why should the children of a King go mourning all their days?' If thou shouldst ever see him, tell him I am not now mourning, but going on rejoicing."

The same afternoon or the next, she said,

*A Dissenting Minister, with whom they became acquainted at the seaside the year before.

in a calm, solemn tone, "Knowing that shortly I must put off this my tabernacle, even as our Lord Jesus Christ hath showed me, I am desirous of saying a little, while I have strength, to you, my precious sisters; and I hope you will be able to bear it without emotion. My heart has been so filled with gratitude for the mercy which delivered me from worse than Egyptian bondage, that I have looked round and seen every thing in life lovely and attractive. I long for dear little children to be taught to love and fear their Creator; to be instructed, that while they bring propensities to evil into the world with them, there is in their hearts, in the very same place where evil is, a counteracting principle, which, if attended to, would overcome all that is wrong." She then addressed herself more particularly to her sister Mary, recommending her to exercise her talents for the benefit of children, and to enter into the concerns of the various institutions in our Society; and then referring to her sister Elizabeth, she added, "While

pursuing your separate spheres of usefulness, the sense of love and sweet unity will solace you." Seeing that her sisters were moved to tears, she said, with great sweetness, "I must not give way to natural feeling: we know our love for one another; let us rest in that, and not call forth the expression of it. I seem as if I could lie here without eating, sleeping, or even thinking, with heaven in my view, seeing Him that sitteth on the throne, and the little remote mansion which is perhaps now prepared for me. Ah! the mercy it will be to get within those gates, to roll down like a poor stone, and just be admitted, poor unworthy creature as I am. Oh! if mortals knew the value of redeeming love and mercy, how would they forego every thing which stands in the way of their experiencing it! I never remember the time when religion was a subject of indifference to me; but I resisted the cross. I wished to gratify myself, though often convinced that the way of the cross was the only one to an immortal crown."

Third-day night, 12th, was one of much suffering from difficulty of breathing, and she prayed with earnestness for patience to bear all that might be laid upon her. The petition was strikingly answered, for patient submission marked her demeanor from hour to hour, and it was not easy to ascertain when any particular pain affected her.

The next morning she remarked, "How well it is for children to be attracted to contemplate Divine love in all things; not to be terrified. It is good to incite children to think: I found it so at Ackworth; and that they were glad to be encouraged to do so, and to have their own reflections called forth. It is also good to incite children to feel for children; to sympathize with one another, to represent the effects of piety and virtue on their own minds to their little associates, and thus attract to good."

Some days later, alluding again to her remarkable experience of the preceding summer, she said, "Oh, what a mercy, to be so delivered! The change came in a moment; and I saw it had been a tempta-

tion. Oh! on this bed I have had such views of glory as are past description. It has seemed as if I saw that blood-bought crown, which no power on earth could prevent my believing is laid up for me. What mercy, what wonderful goodness to a poor, unworthy creature!"

When her brother Charles visited her, she would inquire, with her wonted animation, about the Bible Society; and enjoyed hearing of anything which denoted an increased value or more extensive diffusion of the Holy Scriptures, which she esteemed the more highly, the nearer she approached the full accomplishment of the promises they contain.

One night, in the early part of the Sixth month, her sister Elizabeth was aroused by hearing her repeat, in a peculiarly melodious voice, the Olney Hymn, commencing,

"This saith the Holy One and true,
To His beloved faithful few:
'Of heaven and hell I hold the keys,
To shut or open as I please.' "

This she did again and again, as if feeling she could appropriate the consoling promise contained there.

On one of her brother's reading to her from the fifteenth chapter of first Corinthians, and inquiring if she had heard it, she replied, "Yes, I heard; but I have also felt. Were it not for this, words would be nothing: what thou hast now read would be only as sounding brass. The spirit of the Bible has been poured into my spirit this morning: I have had union and communion with the Source of purity and love, which I esteem an inexpressible favor. I have been sensible of the presence of Him whose favor is better than life, whose favor *is* life; therefore I do not fear—I have no fear."

Some days afterwards, awaking from a short sleep, she uttered these words: "The Lord is risen indeed." Then looking round with great sweetness, she repeated: "The Lord is risen indeed. He hath arisen in my heart, and is granting us an evening blessing. O, that we may arise with him."

She frequently mentioned the sense of union which she had with her mother's spirit, saying, "I think I must be near joining her." She also often alluded to her residence at Ackworth, and the concern she felt for the welfare of the school; but at the same time expressed her sense that in regard to it she had done all that was required of her.

This was about the end of the Sixth month. Remarking upon her weakness, she said: "Nothing seems to strengthen me; I must go. Do not hold me. O, if we could all go together! We three seem all the world to one another. You have done your duty; what kindness, what unwearied and tender affection!"

One night, not long before she died, she said: "If I am unable to speak any more, let every thing about my funeral be done like our precious mother's. O, the sense of union is so strong." Another time, after lying a little while in sweet composure, she said, "The dawn of the morning of the Resurrection—what do you

think, is it near?" Her sister replied that the Lord's presence was near, and that He who had made ail her bed in her sickness would continue to be with her in every remaining conflict. She replied in a firm tone: "That is my faith, and it strengthens me to pay the great debt!"

At her request, her sisters read the account of a death scene which was peculiarly animating. At every little pause she would say, "Go on, O, go on, it is so interesting." She was particularly struck with the text which had been chosen by the subject of the account for inscription on her tomb. "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord," saying she thought there could not be more appropriate expressions used by a dying Christian. Not long afterwards, and when she appeared to be dozing, she exclaimed: "Those dear children and young people." Her sister E. leaned over her, and asked of whom she was speaking. She replied, "Ackworth. Who is going thither?" meaning, to attend

the General Meeting. She then desired that her reading-glass should be given to Robert Whitaker, with her dear love. After this, alluding to something in the account they had been reading, she said, in an energetic tone, "O, impress on the minds of children the pleasure there is in rendering kindness."

She uttered a few more dying expressions, some of which are preserved in the following letter from E. Dudley to Lucy Maw, together with a description of the holy peace and quietness with which she breathed her last. She died on the 10th of the Seventh month, in the thirty-eighth year of her age.

E. D. to L. M.

PECKHAM, 13th of Seventh month, 1825.

MY BELOVED FRIEND:

It was not my intention to let two posts pass without informing thee of our situation; and I now think it possible that, through some indirect means, thou mayest have heard that the redeemed spirit of my precious sister was liberated from its prison of clay, on First-day evening. Very gently did the great and good Shepherd continue to deal with this lamb of

His fold, leading her by almost imperceptible degrees to that purchased inheritance where she now enjoys the full fruition of faith and love. . . .

It was not until Seventh-day evening that the sinking became apparent. She then mentioned her extreme weakness, adding, "Let us be very still, very quiet, and wait to feel the presence of the Lord." She afterwards said, "Let us seek a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." . . .

About twelve o'clock we observed an alteration in her look and pulse. I asked if we should raise her, to which she answered, "No rise, but rising in desire." This being well understood, I queried whether she wanted anything, or was in pain; to which she replied, "No pain! What can I want?" Mary and I each held a hand of our precious expiring sister, and silently watched the gradual retreat of the vital spark. No terror or suffering marked the weakening breath; and it finally ceased without a sigh, leaving a solemn but composed and most peaceful countenance, to be gazed on with deep, and, I trust, allowable sorrow. We were not left to our own weakness, but graciously remembered by Him who had so signally supported her; and to whom thanksgiving was reverently offered, in the midst of tribulation.

A P P E N D I X.

IN the earlier part of this volume, a particular account is given of a religious visit paid by Mary Dudley and others, to some parts of the Continent, in 1788. Her fellow-travelers in this gospel service were George and Sarah Dillwyn, from America; Robert and Sarah Grubb, from Ireland; and Adey Bellamy and John Eliot, from England. The last two, however, did not join them until after their arrival in France. As these seven Friends were the first members of our Society who visited the little company residing in the department of Gard, who profess with Friends, it may not be inappropriate to append some particulars respecting these interesting people.

In the southern parts of France, and in the neighboring valleys of Piedmont, there have been, since the latter part of the twelfth century, numerous dissenters from the Romish church, who, as is well known, have at different periods suffered violent persecutions on account of their religious views. Some of these—more especially of the Waldenses—besides rejecting the succession of the priesthood, and the common ecclesiastical abuses of their day, are said in addition to have protested against oaths, warfare, lawsuits and the accumulation of wealth. After the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in 1685, the Protestants of France were again subjected to cruel and protracted persecutions. These raged with great violence in Languedoc. Many of the sufferers at length took up arms

in their defence, and even retaliated upon their persecutors. Others of them entirely disapproved of these violent proceedings, and earnestly expostulated with the Protestant warriors, endeavoring to show them how far they were from being gathered under the standard of the Prince of Peace. It appears that the little community in Congenies and its vicinity, who afterwards professed the principles of Friends, were of the number who thus maintained the peaceable principles of the gospel, or were at least their descendants.

When William Savery visited these people in 1797, he learned, that for sixty years or more they had separated from the common ways of worship, and were known as a distinct Society. He says they were called "Inspirants;" but it is probable that even before their acquaintance with our Society, they entertained more correct views respecting the nature of true spiritual worship, than did those of that sect whom Mary Dudley and her companions met with at Neuwied. [See page 65.] The Testimony of the Two-months Meeting of Congenies, concerning Louis Antoine Majolier,* who was born in 1764, says: "His parents belonged to a sect which afterwards professed principles similar to those of the Society of Friends in England, even before they knew that such a Society existed. They met in silence to worship God, and waited for the influ-

* This Friend, of whom such frequent and favorable mention is made by Friends who have visited the South of France, deceased Third month, 6th, 1842, at the age of seventy-eight, having been a minister about fifty-four years. The Testimony referred to will be found in "The Friend," Vol. XX., pp. 190 and 197.

ence of the Holy Spirit, before they expressed anything in their assemblies; and they considered that as the gift of the ministry has been freely received, it should be freely exercised."

Paul Codognan, one of the sect here alluded to, having prepared a book respecting their principles, went to Holland to see about having it printed, there being at that time some difficulties in the way of publishing such works in France. In Holland he heard of the Society of Friends; and was so much interested in the information he received, that he subsequently visited London. There he attended Friends' meetings; but "being unacquainted with the English language, and extremely bashful," he remained there some time before he became known to Friends. It is stated that John Eliot was one of the acquaintances he made at that time. This visit of Codognan occurred in 1769. He returned home with Penn's "Rise and Progress," and "No Cross No Crown," both in French, concealed under his clothing.

There does not appear to have been much, if any, further communication between the little community at Congenies and Friends in England, until after the close of the war that arose between France and England in consequence of the American Revolution. During this war, some vessels in which a Friend of the west of England owned a share, were, contrary to his remonstrances, fitted out by his copartners as privateers. These being successful, a share of prize money devolved to him, amounting to about £1500. As he could not conscientiously partake of the fruits of war and robbery, he con-

cluded to hold this money in trust for the rightful owners; and, soon after the close of the war, he sent his son, Dr. Edward L. Fox, to Paris, to endeavor to discover the sufferers, and make them restitution. With this view, Dr. Fox advertised in the *Gazette de France*, stating the circumstances, and that, as a Christian and a member of the Society of Friends, his father could not conscientiously retain the money. While yet in Paris, he received a letter, dated "Nismes, 1st April, 1785," and with this address at the head, "The Quakers of Congenies, Calvinsson, to the virtuous Fox." It was signed by five of their number. Dr. Fox replied suitably to this communication; and a letter from Congenies was afterwards received by some Friends in London, dated October 4th, 1785, and addressed "To our brethren and faithful friends, the true Christians or Quakers of England, in London." This was signed by forty-five persons. It was sent to London by John De Marsillac, who is very highly spoken of in the letter, as having been instrumental in the latter part of 1784, in bringing these people in some measure out of the "deplorable condition" into which they had fallen. He returned soon after, with a very judicious reply, signed by a number of English Friends.*

The circumstance above related, respecting the efforts of Dr. E. L. Fox to distribute the prize

* John De Marsillac was afterwards, for a time, a resident of Philadelphia. Although there is no reason to suspect the sincerity of his first conviction, his subsequent career indicated a want of that true humility which becomes the Christian. He returned to France, and threw off both the garb and the profession of a Friend.

money which his father had received, was thus, under Divine Providence, made the means of bringing the little company at Congenies more particularly under the notice and care of Friends in England. The visit of Mary Dudley and her co-laborers was truly acceptable, and it proved very timely and serviceable. About a year afterwards the French Revolution broke out, and subjected them to much trial, chiefly in consequence of the obligation imposed by the National Assembly, to take the civic oath and perform military duty; and many of them, it is said, yielded to these requirements.

Since 1788, several Friends have been drawn in the love of the gospel to visit this little flock in the south of France, to their edification and refreshment,—among others, William Savery and David Sands in 1797, Richard Jordan in 1801, Stephen Grellet in 1807, 1813, 1820 and 1832, and Thomas Shillitoe in the winter of 1822-3. These Friends all found much openness and tenderness of spirit among them, but “weakness also abounded.”

William Savery and David Sands, finding that their Monthly Meeting had been nearly dropped for several years, assisted them in re-establishing it. Louis A. Majolier was chosen Clerk, and two of each sex were appointed Overseers. On examining their old minutes, William Savery found that they had exercised more care over their members, and more order in transacting their business, than he had anticipated. Besides attending to the necessities of their poor, they had recorded several letters, &c.; as also the certificates of George Dillwyn, Sarah Grubb, Mary Dudley, and their four fellow-

travelers. Two men and two women had laid a concern before the meeting, to visit the families of Friends at St. Gilles, which they performed: several marriages had been solemnized, nearly in the same order as Friends: they had issued advice to their members, to be honest and punctual in their dealings, and in all respects to walk consistently with their profession: they had dealt tenderly with some who had been disorderly; and had at length disowned one who would not be reclaimed.

In 1817, two Friends, by appointment of the Meeting for Sufferings of London Yearly Meeting, visited them, and found them in much the same condition as those did who had previously labored among them. The number of their members at that time was about one hundred and thirty, including children. A Two-months Meeting for discipline was in time established at Congenies, under the care of the Meeting for Sufferings, in place of the Monthly Meeting that had previously existed there, but which had not been regularly maintained. Thomas Shillitoe mentions attending this Two-months Meeting in the Second month, 1823, at which the queries were read, and answers prepared, to go to London. This Meeting is still maintained, as is also the practice of sending annual reports of the condition of its members to the London Meeting for Sufferings.

[See the Journals of William Savery, Thomas Shillitoe and Richard Jordan, and the Life of Sarah Grubb, in "FRIENDS' LIBRARY," Vols. I., pp. 409-414; III. 267-273; XII. 329; XIII. 324 and 325.]



